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GEORGE STREET, 30 CORNHILL, LONDON, E. C., AGENT FOR THE RECEIPT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The Week.

THERE is plenty of partisan murdering still going on at the South, although the people are of course aware that the Republican party, with a Congress very well disposed to make thorough work and a President very well disposed to use the veto power only when it is necessary, and the executive power whenever it is necessary, are going to be in power for the next two years, and probably for the next four. But registration is going on, and that is an exacerbating process. A Mr. Scott, a judge of election in Missouri, was called to the door of his house in the town of Harlem and killed on the threshold. He was a Republican who had given information to the board of registrars. In Monroe County, Arkansas, the Honorable James Hinds and the Honorable J. R. Brooks, the one a member of Congress, the other of the State Legislature, and both Republicans, were attacked by a gang of men, and Hinds was killed in the road, while Brooks was dangerously wounded. A day or two previously there were "more Democratic gains"—we suggest this phrase to the *World* as a good one—Mr. James Coolsey, a well-known Republican of the same county, having been shot for political reasons. At Boston, Texas, on the 7th inst., a Bureau agent died of murder. In Madison County, North Carolina, on this day week, at a mass meeting of Conservatives, a riot occurred, which resulted in the flight of the negroes without loss of life, but with some bruises. But on Saturday last New Orleans had a riot which resulted in the death of some ten or twelve men, of whom the majority were colored. The negroes were compelled to betake themselves to the shelter of their houses. Even the colored members of the police force were removed from their places, and told to keep themselves out of sight; and the whites filled the streets, listening to speeches from Steedman and other speakers. Meantime another riot occurred in the adjoining parish of St. Bernard, and troops were sent from the city, when immediately armed bands of the whites attempted to leave for the scene of action, and a self-constituted white police offered to preserve the peace of the city. General Rousseau had the sense to send these people about their business; but Governor Warmoth has had to ask him to take the government into his own hands. Practically, Louisiana is in complete rebellion against the acts of Congress, and will be ruled by rebels or by the military for some time to come. Whether or not there will be any election is uncertain. Mr. Johnson meantime "discoorses" on the finances with the tongue of an enchanter.

The naturalization mill has finished its work for this election, having ground out 35,000 voters in this city alone. Of these, 10,000 are perhaps rightly admitted, 10,000 have passed through the machine

without having been here five years, and the other 15,000 have never, at any rate, been near the court-room; indeed, from 5,000 to 7,000 of these latter are non-existent. This is what one of our "upright judges"—he was upright at the moment—did one day last week. He invited a friend who happened to be in his court-room to sit by him while he played a little joke. Then he left off calling the names from the list before him and proceeded to call off a long string of purely imaginary names invented by himself on the spur of the moment: John Smith, James Snooks, John Jones, Thomas Noakes, and the like. For every name a man instantly answered, and took a certificate! Finally, seeing a person on the other side of the room scratching his head, the judge called out, "George Scratchem!" "Here!" responded a voice. "Take that man outside to scratch," said his honor to the usher; and resumed the more regular manufacture of voters. Yet there is not a single Democratic lawyer of any weight in this city who dares to come out and run for a certain one of our judgeships against this audacious ruffian, who might as well as not be defeated had any of his nominal party associates the nerve to face him and his backers. It is notorious that even among the nominating leaders, whom he purchases with services such as we have been speaking of and with money, he has not one friend and many enemies. At least 10,000 certificates of naturalization have been issued for the use of "repeaters," and scattered through the State. The total number of certificates fraudulently obtained, in this and other cities, is at least 35,000 to 30,000. This is a heavy load for Grant to carry in this State, and may be too much for him. Although, had we known the dimensions of the fraud perpetrated, our tone in predicting the result in this State might have been even less confident than it has been, we are still reasonably hopeful that this enormous wickedness will fail to achieve its purpose. Thousands of Democrats have been disgusted by the shameless conduct of their leaders, and Hoffman will lose more votes than he suspects, even in this city, as a consequence of the means which are used for his election.

The Democrats have been long endeavoring to enlist Andrew Johnson in the canvass, but he has, for some unexplained reason, until now given them no open assistance by any public expression of his "views." He has, however, at last taken the field. He commenced operations last week by a telegram to Mr. Seymour, urging him to enter the canvass in person against "the despotic power now ready to enter the very gates of the citadel." He also expresses his "trust that Mr. Seymour may speak with an inspired tongue," which Mr. Seymour certainly will, if he be allowed any choice in the matter. Mr. Johnson's greatest contribution to the literature of the campaign is, however, his letter to General Ewing, "on the subject of the finances." It is not long, and yet it gives a history of the national liabilities from the foundation of the Government to October 24, 1868. After this comprehensive survey, he comes to the deliberate conclusion that if the debt is allowed to become "permanent and increasing," forty millions of people will become "slaves" to "bondholders and tax-gatherers." The letter contains many striking and impressive passages, but on the whole the one most worthy of quotation is this, which we commend to the attention of all thoughtful Radicals: "In 1776 our national independence was proclaimed, and, after an exhaustive, bloody struggle of seven years, was, in 1783, acknowledged by the parent Government." A captious critic might raise doubts as to the accuracy of these dates, but we suspect Mr. Johnson rarely ventures on statements of this kind without having carefully examined his ground.

"Warrington," a well-known Boston correspondent of the *New York Tribune* and *Springfield Republican*, filled nearly two columns of

the former paper last week with a defence of General Butler and bitter denunciation of his enemies. The *Springfield Republican*, the *Nation*, and various other papers, oppose the general's re-election, and the reason is, we learn, that he is "a radical." We are unable to say whether we oppose him because he is "a radical," because we do not know what a Butlerite means when he uses the word "radical." If to be a radical is to be like General Butler, we are unquestionably the enemy of radicals, and our special reasons for disliking him we have given on various occasions in detail. Butlerites, however, use the term "radical" now in such a way that their saying that we denounce him because he is "a radical," explains about as much as if they said we denounced him because he was a "rumpyfoozle." Of the "rumpyfoozle" we know nothing, except that Thackeray described it in a short Latin poem as a strange beast brought over to England from foreign parts in two ships, and which immediately on landing was claimed by that rapacious tyrant and conservative George the Fourth. But the proprietors of the animal made answer in a noble verse, which we commend to the Butlerites for quotation in their stump speeches:

"Non, Georgius Quartus, non tibi dabimus rumpyfoozlum nostrum."

There is a fine spirit of defiance to arbitrary power breathing through this line which must commend it to the general's followers.

What the character of the general's defenders as politicians is, is well illustrated by the utterance of this very "Warrington" in the *Springfield Republican*, three short months ago, before the Worcester Convention sat, and of which, let us add, he was a member—indeed, if we are not mistaken, a secretary, or some such dignity. Says he, talking of his master's little scheme of taxing the bonds:

"The *Tribune* quotes the Chicago Platform, but there is nothing in that against taxing the bonds, and it would have been impossible for the Chicago Convention to adopt anything contrary to that policy. It has doubtless been very cheerful reading for the European bondholders—our gratulatory articles about our own honesty at Chicago. But all the men inside of politics know that the resolutions on the subject of finances were as meaningless as it was possible to make them. Nothing can be more mischievous than to denounce all projects for the taxation of the bonds as 'repudiation.' What is the use of giving a wicked name to acts which neither the public nor the private conscience deems wicked? I venture to say that Gen. Butler can carry the Essex district on this issue alone if he chooses, and any other smart man any other Massachusetts district, and I say Essex and Massachusetts because we are not behind any other community in moral sense. You cannot persuade a man who pays a tax of two hundred dollars every year on his house and quarter of an acre of land and income of a thousand dollars that it is wicked to tax the rich old bachelor who lives opposite, and who has his hundred thousand dollars in bonds, his fair proportion of the expense of the Government. He ought to be made to pay."

This is a funny illustration of the sense the mechanical politicians, the party scene-shifters and stage-carpenters, entertain about their own profundity, and the contempt they feel for the popular understanding, as well as of their peculiar mode of "serving the party." There, we see, is the whole question settled—Chicago platform "meaningless," intentionally "meaningless;" the forcible reduction of the interest on the public debt perfectly justifiable; poor man who does not like to stand by his bargain not to be asked to stand by it because the other party is a rich man; General Butler, or "any other smart man," sure to carry any Massachusetts district on this very swindle. The Convention, however, settled it the other way. Yet the school to which this writer belongs—and he is the only one of the disciples who can write with any force or ability—actually administer "moral" rebukes to Fessenden, and roll their eyes when the New York Irish elect John Morrissey, and ascribe the lowness of American securities in foreign markets to "aristocratic hatred of our institutions."

General Hawley, we see, has addressed a most creditable letter to Mr. R. H. Dana, commenting severely on Butler's financial heresies, and encouraging Mr. Dana in the stand he is making, under all sorts of difficulties, against the flood of unscrupulousness which seems to be threatening to submerge the Fifth District. General Hawley says that only two

members of the Committee on Resolutions favored the Butlerite view of the nation's obligations, and "the strong tide in the right direction was not conscious of their resistance, if they made any. In the Convention itself, covert repudiation made no sign. That body itself asserted its opinions with vigor and clearness, and, as it supposed, with unmistakable clearness. It takes much ingenuity and more violence to make its declarations sanction, or in any degree cover, those of the Tammany Convention." What do those cunning, 'cute creatures, "the men inside politics," say to this? General Hawley adds that General Butler, as regards financial matters, "is in deadly opposition alike to true radicalism and true conservatism;" and that one consequence of considering bond-taxation and greenback-substitution "non-essentials" would probably be "an immortality of shame." Finally he tells Mr. Dana that "he admires and respects his course" in "standing out for sound principles against the pressure of old friends and great majorities," and "bids him fight it out on that line." We are heartily glad to see that he is doing so. No matter whether Butler be elected or not, the opposition to him is every day awakening the conscience of the country, both as regards the value of character in public men and as regards the moral obligations of great communities. The rough and ready "moral reformers" and clergymen who are now showing themselves in the Butler ranks, will live to be as thoroughly ashamed of their conduct as a good many of their prototypes now are of ever having defended or been lukewarm about slavery. The kingdom of heaven may not be at hand, but neither is the reign of unmitigated and unblushing rascality.

We are very sorry to have to recur once more to Mr. Reverdy Johnson's performances in England; but it would be useless, even if it were right, to attempt to conceal the fact that he is causing the judicious of all parties to grieve deeply. Of the speech-making in which he is indulging we shall only say that, in the first place, it needs more discretion than he seems to possess to prevent its doing mischief; and, in the second, that no diplomat who knew England would expect it to do any good. There is no country in Europe in which, in spite of the popular form of government, oratory is of less use to a foreign minister. But we might forgive Mr. Johnson's speech-making if it were not for his fraternization with notorious enemies and revilers of the United States Government. Considering what kind of stuff after-dinner oratory is, we are, as a general rule, indisposed to hold a gentleman who is replying to a toast responsible for anything he says, as in nine cases out of ten he doesn't know himself what he is saying; but an American diplomatist who cannot keep from singling out Lord Wharncliffe and Mr. Roebuck and their like for expressions of friendship and esteem, even in after-dinner speeches, had really better come home. In doing this, as we have said two or three weeks ago, he is not simply wounding American susceptibilities, but he is violating all the proprieties of diplomatic life. His last performance in this line has been a public and cordial hand-shaking with Mr. Laird, at Liverpool. It may not be generally known that Mr. Laird was not simply the builder of the *Alabama* and other Confederate ships—for this he might have been in the way of trade—but that he built them joyfully and put feeling into them, and boasted in the House of Commons of his share in sending out the *Alabama* as the act of his life in which he felt most satisfaction. He was one of the most truculent and insolent advocates in Parliament, also, of the recognition of the Confederacy; and one of the last occasions, if we are not mistaken, in which he opened his lips in public about the war was in July, 1863, when he gleefully and tauntingly predicted that the next mail would bring the news of the destruction of the Federal armies in Pennsylvania and the capture of Washington by Lee, and thus force the ministry to acknowledge the independence of the Confederacy. We suppose Mr. Johnson has by this time completed his negotiations with Lord Stanley. If so, we hope Mr. Seward will have the grace to recall him. Where is "McCracken" all this time? Those who opposed Mr. Johnson's appointment, however, because he is a Democrat, need not attempt to take any comfort from these admissions of ours about him. He has failed not because he is a Democrat, but because he is—well, something which a good many fine young Radicals are also.

In 1864 General Grant found that General Lee was receiving surreptitious supplies from within the lines of Butler's army. He ordered Butler to "report at Lowell," which Butler did, but he wisely took with him certain records of the proceedings in certain courts-martial. Grant sent General George Gordon, a man whom he entirely trusted, to look into the affairs of Butler, his brother-in-law, Fisher A. Hildreth, and other agents and subordinates of the latter. Gordon has gone down into Butler's district and is making a speech, in which he charges Butler with having taken out of the department without leave the records above mentioned; with having on his way North prepared a fraudulent endorsement (without date) on the findings and sentence of a court in the case of one Whitlock; with having withheld this endorsement because Whitlock had consented, while under arrest, to give a great interest in his business to Hildreth, the brother-in-law; with having lent himself to the firm in question—Renshaw & Co. it called itself—and to three or four other firms engaged in selling supplies to rebel agents and getting cotton in return. Of course Butler "covered his tracks." All these charges, and more, made with the utmost particularity, Butler has utterly failed to meet. He of course quotes affidavits got from the men who are accused of having been implicated with him in the practices above mentioned, and of course his talent as a jury lawyer makes it very easy for him to handle these accusations in such a way before a large audience that they do not make at once their full impression. They have not the less ruined him, or at least sensibly shortened his rope, which has not now so very many months to run. We observe that he has declared that if Charles Sumner will declare that his (Butler's) election would be an undesirable thing he will withdraw. He would not; but still Mr. Sumner, of whose "courage" we used to hear something once, owes a duty to himself, and it will be interesting to see if he dares to perform it.

The Hartford *Post* asserts positively that the stories which have been for some time afloat that Mr. Charles Francis Adams favors Seymour and Blair, and is ill affected towards the Republican party, are "entirely false," and that he says that "he came home to obtain that rest to which he thinks his age and long public services entitle him, and that he shall not again mingle in politics and in public life." This statement, combined with the *Post's* opposition to Butler, makes it painfully evident that that paper has gone over to the Conservatives, and is now in league with the enemies of human freedom. It requires very little perspicacity to discover, as the world would admit if we mentioned the class of people who have discovered it, that Mr. Adams's professions of a desire for repose are simply intended to cover his participation in the most fiendish plots for the betrayal of the negro. If the telegraph offices were examined, and his communications with T——ll seized, and if his conversations with the man in the mask and long cloak, who meets him every night in his back kitchen, and who is believed by his neighbors to be F——den, were overheard, a good many dainty, kid-glove politicians would be astonished by what is going on "in our midst." Our advice to the faithful "dailies" and "weeklies" who are keeping watch on the crags of freedom is, to send out a very impudent and unscrupulous reporter to Mr. Adams's house, to have an "interview" with him, and get the whole story of his baseness from his own lips. Delicacy in such cases is treason to humanity. Whatever the hardened creature won't confess ought to be evolved from the moral consciousness of some right-minded editor. Mr. Adams's retirement and repose have, in our opinion, lasted about long enough. "The people" want to know what he is up to, and if the press is too corrupt or too weak to gratify them, we hope a Congressional Committee composed of the right men will prove more loyal to the great interests, etc., etc.

The *Church Union*, which has amongst other merits that of speaking out its mind freely, declares that the article which appeared recently in the *Nation* on the Water Street revival "was doubtless written by one who knows nothing about God's converting grace, and cannot write from an inside view of the work, which is now quietly and sweetly progressing in that part of the city." The spiritual condition of the writer of our article is, to use the popular phrase, "neither here nor

there," and is not a proper subject for newspaper discussion; but this much we may say about it, that it is such as to cause him to rejoice heartily that he has not been obliged even by a sense of duty to take "an inside view of the work" in Water Street, for he has known enough about it all along to know that it was neither "sweet" nor "quiet." Moreover, it has, "humanly speaking"—and none of its promoters have any right to talk about it otherwise than "humanly"—proved a total failure. The Gospel is no longer "in Allen's den," but Allen is, and his harlots are, and the whole party are tenfold more the children of the devil than ever, and the net visible result of the movement—about the invisible results we shall take nobody's word—is that the community has been thoroughly disgusted, and great scandal brought on religion and decency, and the reformation of the Water Street brutes rendered more difficult than ever.

Affairs in Spain continue to look bright. There are occasional rumors of intrigues and counter intrigues amongst the revolutionary leaders composing the Central Junta, and though tranquillity reigns everywhere, and the new Government found the treasury well filled, and has been able to meet its obligations promptly, there will doubtless be no real feeling of security and confidence till a constituent assembly—to use the European phrase, or a constitutional convention, to use the American one—has met and framed a government. It will take some months for this, and, in the meantime, the country has nothing to rely on but the wisdom and moderation of the Prims and Serranos and the other chiefs of the new régime. The great danger of the crisis has, however, been touched on by our English correspondent on another page, namely, that the leaders of the revolution and the town populations, who are as yet its mainstay, are in advance of the mass of the population, and that, consequently, the sweeping reforms just made may not only not stand, but eventually bring about a reaction, such as occurred in so many other countries on the Continent after 1848. In the meantime, however, there is more "movement" in the Spanish funds than there has been for many a long year. They are not yet quotable on any of the leading European exchanges, but there are signs of a feeling in commercial circles that the three per cents. at 33 are not a bad investment. The Papal party everywhere, as might be expected, treat the revolution as the triumph of atheism. Archbishop Manning, in a recent lecture in London on the approaching Ecumenical Council, talks of Spain as a fallen angel, and even the Queen, whose moral infirmities are notorious, though the Pope did give her the Golden Rose, has found a defender in Sir George Bowyer, the well-known but somewhat too acute canon lawyer. Sir George says that Father Claret and Sister Patricinio, the monk and nun who have enjoyed the repute of directing the Queen's conscience, were two simple-minded persons who lived in blessed ignorance of, and indifference to, politics, and could not, therefore, have led her Majesty astray.

The death of M. Walewski, an illegitimate son of Napoleon I. by a Polish lady, and one of the present Emperor's most trusted advisers, has deprived the Imperial dynasty of the last of the three supporters and councillors who were really devoted to it, and who really commanded popular respect and affection. The other two were Mesars. Fould, the banker, and Count de Morny. Fould was "the man of business" of the Empire from its foundation in 1852, and whether in or out of office was listened to respectfully at the Tuileries, and prevented a thousand financial follies by his sagacious counsels. De Morny might have been called its "popularity man." He was a thorough Frenchman; and it was well said of him, that he had only to interrogate himself to know how the French public felt. He was hospitable, generous, kind-hearted—and, in fact, did more than any other man to give the new court a good footing in Parisian society and to feel the Parisian pulse for his chief. The rest of the Imperial *entourage*, such as Fleury, Persigny, St. Arnaud & Co., have never had any reputation or weight, and have always done the dirty work of the régime. The loss of the last of the three former must, at his age, make the Emperor feel that the shadows are thickening around him before the roots of the dynasty have struck into the soil.

WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED FROM GRANT'S ADMINISTRATION.

ONE of the unfortunate but inevitable accompaniments of a canvass, or in fact of all government by popular agitation, is that a measure cannot be carried without exciting extravagant expectations as to its result. It is impossible, for instance, in the present or any probable condition of the human faculties to elect a President by a party vote without leading the majority to look for a much greater improvement in the condition of the country as the reward of their exertions than is in the nature of things possible. Consequently, few Presidents ever pass through even one term without greatly disappointing their supporters. Of course there would be some disappointment even if an archangel were put in the chair, for it would not be in the power of an archangel to reward everybody who took an active part in the canvass, according to the applicant's own estimate of his deserts. But there is also sure to be a good deal of disappointment for which the hack politician is not responsible. No man can have ten or fifteen eulogistic "lives" written of him, or have several hundred orators and newspapers devote themselves for half a year to extolling him, and making light of his defects, without suffering from the cold criticisms of later and calmer days. Moreover, there is no man out of office, and who has never held office, who can ever have his fitness for office weighed accurately, even by the acutest observer. The number of those in every state of whom it may be said, with slight modification, what Tacitus said of Galba, that they enjoy a reputation for statesmanship the continuance of which depends on their never being called on to govern, is necessarily very great. Moreover, we have had a good many Presidents whose elevation was not even due to an untested reputation for administrative capacity, but simply to accident or intrigue.

The very best and ablest man must, therefore, owing to causes which have their root in human nature itself, expect to see the lustre of his name considerably dimmed by the time his first term of office has closed. We have little doubt this will prove true of Grant as of others, though none of his predecessors since Washington has gone through, under the eyes of the nation, before assuming office, such a severe trial of all his qualities, mental as well as moral, as he has. His enemies have tried in vain to represent him as a mere soldier, and to warn people against him, for reasons that would apply to St. Arnaud or Pelissier and Windischgratz; and the reason they have failed is, that the man who succeeds at the head of an American volunteer army can never be a mere soldier. A mere soldier could not and cannot command such an organization, because it is not and cannot be made the perfect military machine which is all set in motion by touching a single spring, as the Austrian or French army is. Even when in its best state for military purposes, it retains very largely its civil character, and has to be managed and manoeuvred with a very large amount of that civil prudence, that power of persuasion, respect for prejudices and peculiarities, and skill in judging of individual character, which go to make a statesman's success. An American general who maintains good relations with the Federal Government, good relations with the governors of the States, retains the confidence and respect of the troops, and the good opinion of the public during arduous and difficult campaigns, such as Grant's have been, has passed through an ordeal such as no foreign general is ever called upon to encounter, and must possess many of the highest qualities of a civil ruler.

Within a very few days Grant will, we believe, be elected. While, therefore, perfectly aware that the triumph of the Republican party and the installation of Grant in the White House will not bring or even materially hasten the millennium, we believe there are certain things of the highest value which a man who is neither sanguine nor excited may, after due allowance has been made for the froth of the campaign, count on as all but certain to result from it. It will, in the first place, we will not say put an end to crimes and outrages at the South, but it will greatly diminish their number—so far diminish it as to produce what will be—for the South—a condition of peace and security; and this not wholly, or even in great part, by the application of force, for Grant will not have at his disposal the means of policing the South. But he will have the means of ending the flagrant disorders, partly by the supply of aid to the civil authorities in bad cases, and partly through the effect on the Southern imagination of the fact

that the malcontents have neither sympathy nor support to look for at Washington. It must be remembered that order is not preserved in any community—not even in conquered communities—by the direct use of force. A reasonable apprehension of punishment, and a tolerably clear apprehension of the uselessness of resistance, is all that the most turbulent community needs to reduce it to something like tranquillity. Even in the worst districts of the South, the great bulk of the people desire a quiet life, and it only needs the belief that the state of things now established is not to be changed by assassination or arson, and that attempts to change it in this way will be repressed with the strong hand, to produce as close a semblance of order even in Texas as is possible in the existing moral condition of the population. The election of Grant will, in fact, be the approval by the country, after four years' deliberation, of the plan of reconstruction adopted by Congress. The most sanguine or flighty Southern politician will hardly continue to hope for the reversal of such a judgment as this.

In the next place, although we do not flatter ourselves that Grant's election will completely remove all danger to the public credit, it will give all the weight and influence of the Government, and of a formal expression of public opinion, to that portion of the Republican party which advocates the honest payment of the public debt. It will not silence the Butlerites; it may not prevent a split of the Republican party on this very question, and the return of its chief knaves and a large body of its more recent recruits to their old places in the Democratic ranks. But it will certainly cow, and may silence, the repudiators until the finances have been reduced to order, and something like a settled policy adopted with regard to revenue and taxation. That this is the general expectation both at home and abroad is shown in the rise in the value of greenbacks and Government bonds since the recent State elections. That is to say, the mere prospect of Grant's triumph has carried us nearly a fifth of the way towards specie payments without any cost to the country. His election will carry us still further, and then an economical management of the Treasury, and the suppression of War-Horses in the House and Senate, will, it is to be hoped, speedily do the rest.

Though last, not least, Grant's election will afford the best chance that has ever been offered of a reform in the civil service. It is only lately that the necessity of this has become fully apparent to the public. While population was small, society simple, and the work of government comparatively light, the evils of the existing system were not very striking. Since the war they have assumed proportions which it is no exaggeration to call awful, for they positively threaten the existence of the Government. From Presidents taken from the ranks of the regular politicians, bred under the influence of party usages and traditions, it was useless to expect any assistance in the work of reform. Even to Mr. Lincoln, honest and well-meaning as he was, the present plan of appointing public servants wore the appearance of a portion of the natural order of the universe, and there was something pathetic as well as painful in watching him devoting the first three precious months of his first term of office—when the enemy was literally at the gates, and the Government apparently in the throes of dissolution—to the distribution of "the spoils" in such manner as to "satisfy the claims of localities" and reward the various hack politicians of all degrees who had taken part in the canvass.

Now, Grant is not a regular politician. He will be the first President the country has had for many a long day on whom old party doctrines, as to "spoils" and "claims," will have no influence. He has been bred in a very different and a very much better school—a school in which honor and merit are still words that mean something, and that stand for forces in human affairs. He has shown, too, in his administration of the army, that he knows a good man when he sees him, and that as soon as he sees him he clasps him to him with hooks of steel. He is by education and temperament the foe of jobbers, intriguers, and blatterers, and will undoubtedly apply to the civil service, in so far as he can, the rules of selection and promotion by the aid of which he has given such splendid illustration to American military annals. We may therefore look for, at his hands, in the first place—if he gets a fair amount of support from the Senate—the formation of a cabinet in which knowledge and ability will count for a great deal, and the

"claims of localities" and party usages for very little. We should not be surprised, for instance, and should be very much pleased—though we know nothing whatever about the probabilities—to see him put Mr. Sumner in the State Department and Mr. Wells in the Treasury. In the next place, the attempts to reform the whole civil service in which Mr. Jenckes and Mr. Patterson are engaged, and which will be renewed when Congress meets, will undoubtedly receive from him an amount of hearty support such as no regular politician would give them. He, like all military and naval officers, will, when brought into actual contact with the diplomatic, revenue, and postal service, be sickened by the spectacle of disorder and corruption which they offer, and will do what he can to make them what the army and navy are—a credit to the country instead of a shame and scandal.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AFTER THE ELECTION.

As we go to press, the reports which reach us from all quarters indicate that, although Mr. Dana's chances of election in the Essex District are by no means desperate, General Butler will very likely be successful and the Fifth Massachusetts District unfortunate. What we shall say in the present article is founded on the assumption of that probability, and if the assumption is incorrect, falls to the ground. Assuming, therefore, that General Butler succeeds in defeating Mr. Dana, what effect will the result have, not upon the members of the Butlerite sect of moralists, but upon the Republican party—upon the party which, for the past eight years, has held the reins of government—upon the party which has defeated the South and reconstructed the Union?

With the election of Grant and Colfax, the conflict about slavery, negro suffrage, and reconstruction must come to an end. For this election assures us that there shall be no re-enslavement, that in the States still disorganized the forces of the United States shall be used to the extent of the power of the Executive in protecting citizens at the South, whether black or white, in the exercise of all their rights, political as well as civil, and that the reconstruction acts shall be considered valid by all departments of the Government. More than this, as we have frequently pointed out, cannot be done. Military government of the South for the next twenty years—which, were it only possible, would be by far the best means of fostering the growth of peace there, accompanied as it would be by instruction for the negro and poor-white, and affording, as it would, protection to Northern emigrants—is unfortunately totally impossible. Unfortunately all parties are with rare unanimity agreed that the Southern States must, for the future, be left to themselves. A limit is already set to the Freedmen's Bureau, both by act of Congress and by common consent; and the minor theoretical topics of disagreement between the two parties—as, for instance, the criminality of treason and the question whether the Southern States at the end of the war were in or out of the Union—cannot very well any longer form substantial ground for difference. In other words, the chief points of dispute between Republicans and Democrats will be settled; the war which began forty years ago with the publication of the *Liberator* will have been ended in the complete triumph of the *Liberator's* cause. The Democrats will have been beaten, and the victorious hosts of the Republicans will be looking about them, uncertain in what fields to display their activity.

The Republicans will then find themselves composed of several small parties, different in aims, different in origin, different in destiny. We do not propose to enumerate them all, but some of them are these: In the first place, the old abolitionists, a party resting its claims to existence solely on the vigor of its conscience; in the second place, what may be called the later school of abolitionists, who began life by believing slavery to be not the most crying evil in America, but who were persuaded sooner or later into admitting that it was; in the third place, the majority of the party, who joined it to put down the rebellion with the simple feeling of patriotism; in the fourth place, the new negro voters, a body about which almost nothing is known, except that it is a docile body; and, in the fifth place, individual men of ability and distinguished unscrupulousness, who left their old party at the last moment to take sides with the stronger forces, and who are willing to do the same thing again. This fifth class is represented by, if not composed of, General Butler.

The aim of the first class is the reign of "truth," a vague and unsatisfactory aim, because each one of them has his own notions of the proper definition of the word. The aim of the second class is simply good government and the application of the laws of reasoning and the deductions of experience to affairs of state. The third is quite as vague in its views as the first, and quite as much under the influence of its feelings. The object of the fourth is simply to be led to do what will make a tolerable life possible; while the fifth merely desires personal aggrandizement. Four of these classes were united by the war in the pursuit of a common enemy; the termination of the war and reconstruction leave them without any well-defined plan of action. One of them has just been called into existence. Meanwhile, it is necessary to observe that, though four of the classes are divided at hap-hazard into bondholders and non-bondholders, the limits of no one of them coincide with the limits of the bondholding and non-bondholding classes. The negroes, for example, are practically entirely non-bondholding. On the other hand, the Democrats also find their occupation gone, for slavery is abolished and the South is reconstructed. They are demoralized utterly.

Now, one of the two great parties being in a thoroughly disorganized state, and the other being undecided as to its future policy, a question of vital importance arises as to the payment of the debt. It is generally assumed that this question is settled by the announcement by the Democrats of their intention to pay the debt in greenbacks and to tax the bonds, and by the Republican declaration at Chicago that the debt is to be paid in good faith and that repudiation is a national crime. But although we are disposed to agree to the proposition that this might have been so had not the question of electing General Butler been made so prominent and interesting a one, by the refusal of a very large and respectable body of Republicans to support a man pledged to violate the honor of the country, it seems to us more probable that if General Butler is elected the five-twenty question will assume new and alarming proportions. And our reasons are these: The eyes of intelligent men all over the country are at this moment turned upon the Fifth Massachusetts District as one in which a test-case is trying, in which the question how much stretching the Chicago Platform will stand is being determined. It must not be forgotten that Butler himself has taken that platform as his, and has, in a letter to the *Tribune*, already long since stated his intention to pay the debt according to "good conscience," a phrase which does not differ essentially from "good faith," but which he interprets in his own peculiar fashion. Again, General Butler is, according to all received authorities, the great (Republican) apostle of the greenback plan,

"That he who has sha'n't keep;
And he shall get who can."

It was General Butler who received it from Pendleton, and who improved and perfected it. It is known as Butler's policy, and the question is whether Butler can, in the teeth of an active opposition, solely through the advantage which a regular nomination gives him, make the "payment of the debt in good faith" mean "payment of the debt in depreciated currency."

Only two or three State conventions have had the boldness yet to advocate in set terms the payment of the debt in gold and silver coin. Massachusetts has done so; but a vast majority of the States have made platforms which are only verbose amplifications of the maxim that "honesty is the best policy." The great question is, What do you mean by "good faith," and what do you mean by "repudiation?"—and the fact is that the Republican conventions have not generally dared to say what they do mean. Individual Republicans, like Secretary Stanton, have no objection to say what they think. But neither has General Butler. The conduct of Senator Morton shows the prevailing unsteadiness upon this and kindred points. Six months ago he said that he was "in favor of one currency for all," and used other expressions from which the public derived the impression that he thought the 5-20s should be paid in greenbacks, and that the currency should be paper. He has recently said that by "one currency" he meant "gold and silver," and that as for the payment of the 5-20s in greenbacks—"Why, gentlemen, breathes there a man with soul so dead," etc., etc. And what will he say six months hence? There never

was a time when it was so curiously easy to misunderstand the plainest English words, and to misconceive wholly the political objects of statesmen. In the ordinary affairs of life, people generally know when other people mean gold and when they mean paper—or iron pyrites, as Mr. Atkinson would say—but in the present position of public affairs, the only thing one can find out, at least from conventions, which are the constituted organs of party expression, the organs of speech, the very tongues of their constituents, is that the love of “honesty,” and “good faith,” and “honor,” and “equity,” and “national integrity,” and hatred of “baseness,” “repudiation,” and, let us say, all other forms of crime, has reached a development that, in any nation so young as this, must be regarded as highly gratifying, of course, but perhaps too precocious. When a great party, by its authorized agents, finds itself able to say nothing about the most important question which will agitate the country for the next generation but this, that it hates “vice,” we cannot believe that there is any real union, any settled determination as to the particular form of “vice” which it is necessary to attack. Now, has the Republican party irrevocably made up its mind that the five-twenty bonds are to be paid in “gold and silver coin?” Has the Republican party irrevocably made up its mind that the bonds are not to be taxed? Twenty Republicans voted to adopt the report of the committee to which this subject was referred, and this was after the making of the Chicago Platform and that manly denunciation of the criminality of such proceedings, of which we hear so much. We believe that in the incoherent mass which will compose the Republican party after the election of Grant, a number of men, sufficiently large to exercise important influence, will be found ready to pay the debt in greenbacks, if only they can find a leader who calls himself Republican. If General Butler goes back to Congress, these men will reason in this way: The convention did not declare in favor of “gold and silver coin,” except in a few cases; and in Massachusetts, where the strongest kind of resolutions were passed, they care so little in reality about it, that the chief repudiator of them all, the man who gave repudiation all its energy and living force, is sent back here, after a most active canvass—after a canvass which had its origin in the determination of the best men in the district that the five-twenty question should be made a plain one, and which was headed by one of the ablest men in the country. It is evident that the real power for the next two years is in Mr. Butler’s hands to a most dangerous extent. The next Congress will contain more Democrats than the last, and they will vote solidly for repudiation in any form, as they did to tax the bonds in July.

We have discussed the question only as it bears upon the 5-20s; but there are a thousand other ways of bringing about what General Butler has so long advocated and apparently advocates now. For example, a sudden cry may be raised that we are over-taxed, that the corrupt native and the selfish foreign bondholder are forcing us to tax ourselves for their benefit, and ruining the country. Under this plea we might “pass” the semi-annual interest once or twice. Railroads managed by the smaller Butlers do such things with their dividends; why not governments? And surely no one—however inclined he is to suppose that the five-twenty question is really settled—will say that all other schemes of repudiation have been so thoroughly discussed as to preclude the possibility of a swindle. Let us repeat, that the Republican party has no settled policy for the years to come after the election of Grant; that both parties are in a loose, disorganized state; that at such moments unscrupulous men have a double power; and that if General Butler goes back to Congress, the party which sends him there will find itself split by the question of the debt into two factions which may never reunite. *Harper’s Weekly* said the other day, that if the Republican party threw moral principle overboard, the party and the country are doomed. We do not agree as to the country, but we feel very sure about the party.

INJURIOUS WORKS AND INJURIOUS CRITICISM.

MISS ANNA DICKINSON has recently written a book, and Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Lydia Maria Child having found it full of good feeling, have praised it lavishly on the ground that, whatever it may be as a novel, it is, as “a deed,” a noble deed and a brave one. We are not going to quarrel at all with the way in which this critical opinion is worded. It is proverbial

that to quarrel with the burning words of the poetical fraternity, if it is always easy, is very often very foolish, and shows a small and captious spirit which surely no one would like to make himself suspected of possessing. And we may say, without being cynical in the least, that we, for our part, frequently accept proverbs as true; the mere fact that many people habitually say a certain thing is not always conclusive proof of its entire or even of its partial falsity. So we are not unwilling to allow that “What Answer?” may rightfully be described as “a deed,” though we confess that that would not have been our own way of speech if we had been trying to praise Miss Dickinson’s novel, and most assuredly would not have been the way in which we should have spoken had we been intent on merely giving an honest, unimpassioned description of it. But people must talk as they can. And if the novel of “What Answer?” moves anybody to making the assertion that it is “a noble deed”—why, we may keep up a good deal of thinking, but we are not, on this present occasion, going to say anything in the way of verbal criticism. We are more inclined to beg the people who have said so, and who think so, to allow us to put upon their expression the meaning that it was the writing and publishing of “What Answer?” that was a noble deed, rather than that the book itself is such. If they will grant us thus much, then we will go on a step and say that they are wrong in many ways. This will become clear, we think, after a little of that honest consideration which the real importance of the subject ought to command from every person who tries to do his duty, and to enlighten his conscience from all possible sources before he takes the responsibility of action.

To talk of morality in the abstract is not nearly so easy as to act it in the abstract. We will, therefore, confine ourselves, for the present at least, to the concrete case before us. A thoroughly bad novel is put upon the market. Whatever a novel should have it lacks, and whatever a novel should not be it is. There is not a character in it. Its incidents are absurdly threadbare in all essentials. There is no plot. A chief difficulty of the very question—that of caste-feeling—which, as it pretends, is its chief concern, is in very great part shirked by the author’s taking as the representative of a race despised on account of its color a most lovely and lovable woman, so entirely “white” that not even her lover suspected that she was “black” until he was told so. It is not true, as some have said, that there is anything approaching strict adherence to truth in the facts of the story. The style in which the book is written, if it is not good, is yet better than the school-girlish general conception would lead one to expect. Still, in each chapter, or in many of the chapters, there is more or less of that inflated newspaper English which some people describe as being eloquence, but which, one day—for we are hopeful concerning her—Miss Dickinson will, we feel confident, be very sorry to have ever written or spoken. This eloquence is emitted in behalf of a certain “cause” about which it is now proper, and for some time to come will be proper, for almost all of us to keep silence till certain laborious ethnologists and physiologists—some of whom we assure our three ladies are to-day lean and pale from conscientious labor through many years—reach the conclusions which, as yet, elude them, but which they hope may yet be reached, and about which Miss Dickinson talks as if she had entirely settled the question. The novel, then, is emphatically a bad novel—without interest, even possessing some positive qualities which inflict pain on any one who in the least values art; without thought, and even flouting the labors of some of the most conscientious and studious thinkers in the world; without goodness of style, even characterized by many vices of style which—though Miss Dickinson may not to-day fully believe it—will do something to lead more than one young writer astray, and thus will do a service she never meant to do to the cause of immorality; will put off the times when we shall all think with clearness, and hate vulgarity of tone, and value that simple honesty of feeling and justness of thought which are the mark of the best natures, and which find all but inevitable expression in the best form as well as the best matter of literature.

This being the question, whether or not to praise such a book because one respects the author and has unbounded faith in the goodness and even the admirable greatness of her intentions—what answer? The question is at bottom quite the same in the case of Miss Dickinson’s orations; though as an orator—and this cannot be said of her as a novelist—she did good service for which we cannot help being grateful—though we feel that we ought to encourage the sentiment of ingratitude—in more than one of our hardest fought political campaigns. But ought we to praise her for her labors? We ought to admit the good of which they have been productive and that the laborer meant even more good than she did; but nevertheless, it is past hoping, we ought to condemn her with little reservation. As Dr. Holland would say, we ought to condemn her for the same reason that we

ought not to praise her. Praise and blame are revelations of the feelings of the speakers, and often they describe the thing itself which is praised or blamed, but also they encourage and deter. Now, to deter Miss Dickinson from the writing of such novels as the one she has written, and the making of such speeches as she has been in the habit of making, is, we are persuaded, a duty which we owe to her, which we owe to morals, and also to art—which is never good without being an ally, often perhaps indirect, of the best morals, and is never bad—we mean artistically bad—without being good morality's subtle but sure enemy.

To speak a little more at length of Miss Dickinson as an orator, inasmuch as we have spoken of her somewhat *in extenso* as a writer. She delights in speaking. We do not at all mean that she has any special liking for publicity, or that her whole course, since she became a public personage, has not been perfectly consistent with excellent claims to the high esteem of all who respect the truly womanly and the truly manly in character. Very far from it. But it is as natural as possible for her to orate; she cannot help it, even when she is holding the pen. Often enough she deserts her writing-desk for the platform, even when thoughtfully writing a novel is the business which she has in hand, and to which she should be attending closely; or rather she turns her desk into a "stump." Her really remarkable success before the people—the people considered as audiences, partisan in character, and assembled in the evening with brass bands and glee-clubs—is alone enough to prove this. She speaks with much glow and fire, and sometimes with an enthusiasm which is not always of the merely effervescent kind, but is sometimes consequent on the vivid perception of the real truth of things, and an ardent desire to make others see as she sees. It is to her, we think, though we are not sure, that we owe the happy phrase descriptive of our first year of the rebellion, the year of Bull Run and of an utterly unorganized army, but a year of great ardor and of unthinking patriotism—that we were then making war by precipitating ourselves on the South "in town meetings." But to be capable of fiery enthusiasm of speech, though it is one, and a great one, of the orator's qualifications, and though it is always enough to lift the average audience off its feet, is not a sufficient justification for the making of speeches. The political speech-maker ought to have, beside that, some considerable political and other knowledge, and ought to have done a good deal of hard thinking. We are not saying a really unkind thing, though we fear we are offending some people whom we should be, on the whole, glad to please, when we say that many of Miss Dickinson's orations made the judicious grieve for her hearers and for herself. She constantly attempted the handling of things of which she is as entirely unqualified to treat as a *peri* would be unqualified to make a commentary on Wheaton's books concerning international law. Not to put too fine a point on it, she frequently was very ignorant and very illogical, and was often rewarded with plaudits of which we can only hope that she did not feel proud, for she really was as "noisy" in mind and spirit as her hearers were in body.

In her book, and in her speeches, Miss Dickinson has been content to have good intentions—and it is because she means so well that it is so disagreeable to condemn her so thoroughly as we cannot help doing—has contented herself with having good intentions, and—with not doing her best. But not to do the best one can is even more surely fatal to real morality than it is fatal to success in artistic works. By laboriously educating herself, by consenting to hold her tongue until she had properly cultivated her fine powers, by working hard for herself before she began working for even the holiest of causes, Miss Dickinson—and we hope for her own sake that she will attend to this point—might have done far better service to the work in which she was interested, might have removed many dangers from her own individual path, and might have saved herself from the pain of the reflection, which we trust she is one day sure to make, that her bad novel, and her essentially bad speeches, have really, in the long run, done something to put off the day when wisdom, intellectual and moral, which is the sole hope of the world, shall be everywhere and in all men. Mr. Hinton Helper, with his late cruel and silly books, is not a person with whom we should be willing to rank Miss Dickinson—unless, indeed, we were talking with people who have given some comprehensive consideration to certain subjects on which most people have not as yet thought. But, without making odious comparisons, it is, we must say, surely true that bad preaching on the best of texts is in the end as immoral as good preaching employed for the enforcement of the worst of texts. Audiences may say No, and hasty people, whose hearts are with the speaker, may for a moment resent the making of profitable remarks to him or her; but the truth remains that there is not yet anybody in the world who has a right to make a poor book or to talk cheap eloquence, no matter what may be the cause which it is sought to promote.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, October 8, 1868.

OUR great occupation since I last wrote to you has been the Spanish revolution. I do not think, however, I can add very much upon that subject to what you must already have heard about it. Of all the revolutions which have taken place in Europe for the last twenty years, it has been, I think, the quietest by far; and at the present moment it has the most promising appearance. Prim goes to Cadiz, the fleet join him, the troops join the fleet, the people join the forces, and, after just fighting enough to show that the parties interested are in real earnest, the Queen steps over the frontier, curses her late subjects in good set terms, and makes an end—so it would appear, at least—of the last of the Bourbon monarchies. On the other hand, there are to be constituent Cortes, elected by universal suffrage, and charged by the popular will to do every sort of thing, possible and impossible, by which the people of Spain can be made happy and prosperous for ever. It is more like a transformation scene at a pantomime than anything else. One gets sceptical, however, as he goes on in life, as to the possibility of such triumphs as these—of the good over the bad principle. I do not profess to have any special knowledge of Spanish affairs—hardly any one has who is not specially acquainted with the country—but it appears to me quite incredible that things should have gone on as they are said to have gone on for all these years, if the Spaniards had not had a great deal in common with their queen. They never would have allowed her to act as she did, and in particular to do her very utmost for the overthrow and destruction of all the liberal measures which were carried, however hastily and imperfectly, thirty years ago—and of which, by right, she ought to have been the special representative and defender—if there had not been a great deal in common between them and her. The reactionary and superstitious party must be uncommonly strong in Spain, and I cannot believe that a mere change of government produced in this manner will weaken their strength. We shall surely hear more of all this before matters are ended.

To me the most interesting aspect of the Spanish revolution is its bearing on the rest of Europe, and especially on the great contest which is going on everywhere between the priestly party and their antagonists. You will probably have seen the Pope's various addresses to the world upon the occasion of the Ecumenical Council, and in particular his earnest request to Protestants, and to the non-Catholic world in general, to enter into communion with him. Take that letter, with the fact that the Ecumenical Council avows itself to be held as a sort of recognition of the principle that henceforth church and state are to be regarded as separate and—this is not said, but is implied—antagonistic bodies; that Austria has flown in the face of the Pope; that Italy is in open rebellion against him; that France is a most slippery and questionable friend; and the Spanish revolution will show you that at the very moment when the temporal and spiritual powers are dissolving partnership in the worst and most violent of moods with each other, the last of the faithful—the only nation which still professed to uphold the old principles in their full perfection and development—has seceded. I do not think the importance of this can be exaggerated; and I do think it possible that you in America may be specially tempted to undervalue its importance. I do not profess to know much about your ways of thinking and feeling on such subjects, but it seems to me that by a series of accidents you have been thrown into a position which prevents you from seeing how great a question the question of the relations between church and state really is, or what are the consequences of the practical solution of the question which you have been led to adopt. Your principle, as I understand it, is that religion is a matter of private opinion; that religious associations are voluntary bodies, like clubs for any other lawful purpose, and that government has nothing to do with religion, but rests on a basis of its own. I do not at all say that this is not true. I am more disposed to think that it is; but I do not think you quite see what follows from it. The inference appears to me to be that you—the American nation, in your corporate capacity—distinctly affirm that no religion is true, but that all theological systems are human speculations upon a doubtful matter, more or less plausible in themselves and containing a greater or less amount of truth, but no one of which is so probable that you will act in a matter so important as legislation upon the theory of its truth. I do not believe it to be possible to prove any other theoretical justification of toleration, or religious equality, or whatever else you call the system which treats religion as a matter of private opinion, than one which is founded on the principle that religion is matter of opinion; in other words, that the best of all religions is doubtful. The mere non-acceptance of the Koran or of the Roman Catholic creed, after notice of their contents, appears to me to amount to a denial of the truth of the claims of Mahomet and the Pope respectively. I believe that the matter is one in which it is theoretic-

cally, and practically too, impossible to be neutral, and that the eighteenth-century theories of government, which led the founders of your Constitution to think otherwise, are fundamentally wrong. From what little I have heard or read of America, I believe that in practice this is so to a greater degree than you yourselves may be apt to think. I have heard people say, for instance, in reference to the doctrine of eternal damnation for religious error, that it was morally impossible to hold it in a country where people of all sorts of creeds constantly met upon perfectly equal terms in every conceivable relation of life. I do not quarrel with your Constitution for being opposed to that doctrine; but I say that it is opposed to it, and that therefore it is not neutral as to religion. There is a great deal of truth in the principle that, in these matters, he that is not with me is against me.

This is hardly news, which, I suppose, is what you would like from me; but it is hard to make bricks without straw, and about this time of year our straw is running very low. We have, however, here and there a little incident which is more or less amusing. I cannot exactly call the Social Science Association amusing or little. It is, on the contrary, very big, and—as I say it in strict confidence to a trans-Atlantic public—indescribably dull. Some years ago I read a paper there on a subject of which I happened to have special knowledge, and never shall I forget the impression I received from the discussion which followed; and of the people I knew only one of the speakers, including the President, a very well-known man, had mastered even the A B C of the subject. Only one of them knew how to speak, and he knew nothing at all about the matter. The great bulk of the people I saw gave me the impression that all the writers whose articles had been refused by the inferior class of magazines had conspired together to give each other a hearing, upon the dreariest of all dreary subjects, there and then. Some man of more or less distinction had recommendations to make about matters which he really understood, and which were worth listening to; and here and there a political star—generally one just beginning to rise above the horizon—was advertising himself. I think if I were told to devise a proper punishment for Nero and Heliogabalus in a future state, I would sentence them to read each other essays alternately for a long term of years upon the Utilization of Sewage, the Dwellings of the Working-Classes, and the Statistics as to the Effects of Capital Punishment.

The only scrap of political news of the least interest is that Mr. Disraeli has published an address to the electors of Buckinghamshire, which I suppose must be taken as a manifesto as to his intentions for next session. It begins with claiming credit for himself and his colleagues for a variety of measures, and charging his antagonists with unfairness in the way in which they brought forward the question of the Irish Church; and it goes on to denounce their proposals as inconsistent with the fundamental laws of the nation, and with a variety of more or less sonorous commonplaces, which he calls principles, about the relation between religion and government. An impression prevails here in some quarters that when the next session begins he will try to repeat his policy about the Reform Bill, by bringing in a measure for the reform of the Irish Church, with securities against its disestablishment or disendowment, and gradually enlarging it into a measure designed to carry out each of those objects. Perhaps he may make such an experiment; but it is very difficult to play the same trick successfully twice running. It is more probable, I think, that he will be displaced by a vote of want of confidence as soon as Parliament meets. He has had a wonderful run of patronage. Nearly all the judgeships have been filled up since Lord Derby took office, and deans and bishops have taken to dying of late. Dean Milman, who died about ten days since, has been succeeded by Dr. Mansel. Both names, I take it, are pretty well known to you in America.

Correspondence.

THE GREAT "RADICAL" ONCE MORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your paper of the 15th inst. a communication of mine in the 8th October issue, upon General Butler, is severely criticised and several statements denied. My style is condemned, and I join the "Massachusetts Republican in New York" in wishing it were better, as I earnestly desire to influence the public upon several subjects. Although the charges made by me are based upon public records, I desire to substantiate them, as far as I can, without absorbing too much space in your paper. I am challenged to point to a single instance of General Butler's insubordination. I could adduce a score; but I content myself with citing his first and last acts,

namely, his impudent letter addressed to his then commander, Governor Andrew, who had, in a moment of enthusiasm and good feeling, conferred upon Butler, as he then stated, "the greatest favor one man could confer upon another"—his letter, published by him in the newspapers, lecturing his commander because he declined to have Massachusetts militia, ordered to relieve the capital, diverted to suppress slave insurrections; then his insubordinate conduct in Massachusetts, a few months later, when, as major-general of volunteers, he heaped every insult upon her patriotic chief magistrate, interfered with his well-arranged plans for recruiting, and behaved in such a seditious and scandalous manner as to wring from Governor Andrew the following protest:

"I am compelled to declare, with great reluctance and regret, that the course of proceedings under Major-General Butler, in this commonwealth, seems to have been designed and adapted simply to afford means to persons of bad character to make money unscrupulously, and to encourage men whose unfitness has excluded them from any appointment by me to the volunteer militia service, to hope for such appointment over Massachusetts troops from other authority than that of the executive of Massachusetts."

Finally, his fatal insubordination in the Fort Fisher expedition, as to which General Grant testified in effect that General Butler went upon the expedition to Fort Fisher although he knew it was not intended that he should go; that he pocketed General Grant's instructions to General Weitzel, that officer never knowing of their existence till he read them in a newspaper after the return of the expedition; that consequently he had unconsciously violated Grant's positive orders to throw up entrenchments. In short, that General Butler, contrary to propriety and to orders, assumed the command of this important expedition, upon which so much labor and money had been expended, and then, in further violation of orders, retired from the fort this supplanted officer was ordered to besiege. As to his insolent oppression of those below him, General Phelps has already communicated to your readers his opinion of General Butler's character, from which I should infer that "their policy and hopes for justice to the negro were (not) identical;" and I decline to accept Mr. Parton's version of General Butler's "friendly controversy," as I do many of his statements, knowing several of them to be false. General Gillmore did not receive "simply a commanding general's expression of disapprobation of a subordinate's inefficiency," but was grossly insulted in a manner not at all justified by army regulations. A "Massachusetts Republican in New York" may think "the case of Chaplain Hudson is hardly worth comment," and may assert that he "was assigned to a tent at headquarters precisely similar in size and quality to those occupied by the staff;" but General Grant testifies that

"Chaplain Hudson was confined for fifty-odd days in what is called the bull-pen, near General Butler's headquarters. I understand, put in with deserters and all sorts of prisoners. The investigation shows that he was there that length of time without charge and without trial, though during a good part of the time he was there General Butler had a court-martial sitting right at his headquarters and could have tried him. No officer has a right to confine a commissioned officer in a prison or guard-house, except for mutiny, or for some offence where it would not be safe to trust the man at large. This was only a case of that sort for which he should not have been confined at all, except in his own tent, under arrest. When this came to my knowledge, I immediately ordered an examination made of all the prisoners about Norfolk, Fortress Monroe, and Portsmouth, to see if there were any more such cases. The result was to find a great many men in prison without charge. Some had been there for a great length of time."

So it appears that General Grant and a "Massachusetts Republican in New York" are not in accord as to General Butler's "insolent oppression of those below him."

As "to the malicious lies regarding General Butler's seizures of private property, and particularly the seizure of fifty thousand dollars in gold from Messrs. Samuel Smith & Co., of New Orleans, which rebels North and South have so industriously circulated and repeated that many of that class of 'Conservative Republicans,' who take all their opinions second-hand from whichever side on any question asserts itself by the noisiest and most persistent iteration, have accepted as facts." I have read the voluminous testimony presented to the military commissions and Congressional committees charged with investigating General Butler's administration at Norfolk and New Orleans, and either a cloud of witnesses perjured themselves, or else General Butler was guilty of prolonging the war at the expense of millions of dollars and thousands of lives by allowing his relatives and favorites to carry on an illicit trade within the rebel lines with rebel agents, and for use of rebel armies—men who (to adopt the language of one distinguished officer) "follow in the track of the army, traffic in its blood, barter the cause for which it is fighting with all the baseness of Judas Iscariot, but without his remorse."

Either all these witnesses lie, or else he sought out such men, allowed them to carry on this trade, and secured them from the law when arrested, with what motive I know not. I read in a pamphlet written by Judge Pierpont, of New York, the counsel for Samuel Smith, "that in violation of his proclamation, and without authority of law, General Butler took fifty thousand dollars in gold from Smith & Co., in New Orleans; that it was their property; that this gold was not paid out to the troops, but retained by General Butler; that the gold was not taken or retained by any order, authority, or direction of the Secretary of Treasury or War; that so gross was the wrong to Smith & Co. that General Butler's own commissioners found Smith & Co. were the owners and advised a restoration of the money; that General Butler took the gold 10th May, 1862, and did not report it to the War Department until February of the following year; that he hesitated to pay it to the Government and refused to pay it to its owners, and retained it without security to the Government or to the Smiths and with the full use of it for two years and nine months, during which time gold had been at 285." This was in reply to General Butler's defence before the House of Representatives, which Judge Pierpont characterizes as an audacious sham which ought to be exposed. As "to the contemptible insinuation that General Butler's name was received with hisses at a reunion of the officers of the Army of the James at Boston," two officers present gave me the information; one has since modified his version to "murmurs."

As "to the charge that General Butler urged on the rebels," General Craig, a member of the Charleston and Baltimore Conventions of 1860, states that Butler voted fifty-odd times for Jefferson Davis, and that at a "bolter's meeting" he made a speech in which he promised his fire-eating brethren (in the event of a war resulting from the rupture) the use of half a million Northern Democrats to slay the Northern abolitionists before they should invade a Southern State.

So much for my charges against General Butler, some of which I referred to as facts, some as reports which it behooved General Butler to refute before he proposed himself as a representative of honest and intelligent men. The fact is that General Butler had won a most unenviable reputation as a man and a lawyer in Massachusetts before the war began; indeed, Mr. Parton makes him out an audacious, impudent, unprincipled man and lawyer, "formed by nature to be an antagonist;" admits that he commenced his career at the college by saucy contentions and mock discussions with the college faculty, at the bar "by conducting suits brought by factory girls against the mill corporations," that he had great legal "legerdemain," "that he was not inclined to enquire whether his client's cause was constitutional or not," that he "was tabooed by the bar," and so on.

Leaving out the "muttering" and the "thundering" which displeases the "Massachusetts Republican in New York," General Butler seemed to have been born again early in 1831, and, as I have stated, Governor Andrew, an optimist, believing in his new birth, accredited him to the Federal Government as a brigadier of Massachusetts militia, which endorsement procured him his subsequent promotion. His career as an officer not only demonstrated his military disqualification, which would not, of course, invalidate his claims as a wise legislator, but also his vanity, his turbulence, his lawlessness, his vindictiveness, and, if we may believe the printed and spoken charges, his depravity. He commenced service by quarrelling with Governor Andrew, he ended it by abusing General Grant, earning the contempt of both. The relations of these good and great men with the rest of the world render comment unnecessary. Coming out of the war disgraced, he contrived to induce the electors of the Fifth District of Massachusetts to elect him their representative to Congress. As a Congressman he has been pestiferous, spending his time and wasting that of Congress in personal discussions and inquisitions, or, worse than that, advocating repudiation openly, or plotting for it secretly; his course has been mortifying and disheartening to every honorable patriot. He is now conducting his canvass with his usual plausibility and unscrupulousness; almost every assertion made by him has been proved to be a lie; as, for instance, that the *Nation* abused him because he opposed the diversion of any portion of a fund raised in Boston for the freedmen to the support of that paper. Now, he never was a subscriber to the fund, and never attended one of their meetings. The *New York Evening Post* abused him because Chaplain Hudson was an editor. Chaplain Hudson lives in Boston, and has no connection whatever with that journal.

The Chicago Platform insists on "honest" payment of our debts; he substitutes "possible," and asserts that it was originally so printed, and now it seems the plates have not been changed; and so on *usque ad nauseam*. If one is curious to learn how often General Butler's assertions are

contradicted by unimpeachable witnesses, let him read the investigation of the "Committee on the Conduct of the War" into the Fort Fisher expedition. I have thus proved that the charges against General Butler rest on authority not to be questioned by

A MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICAN.

Boston, Oct. 24, 1868.

["A Massachusetts Republican," let us say, has not made the enquiries, of which he reports the result, about General Butler's connection with the contribution of the Recruiting Committee towards the capital of the *Nation*, either with our knowledge or consent. We never believed that General Butler had any connection with it whatever, but we never gave ourselves the trouble to find out whether he had or not. His assertion that our opposition to his re-election is due to his having opposed that contribution is simply an impudent invention of his own, which nobody connected with the *Nation* has felt himself so far reduced, either in his own estimation or that of the public, as to be called on to contradict seriously. The general's explanation of the hostility of other Republican papers is about as silly and unscrupulous as his explanation of the *Nation's*; and his being able to retail such stuff, considering what his history is, to attentive audiences of Massachusetts men, is as painful and discouraging a spectacle as any friend of good government has ever been called on to witness. Since our correspondent, who is a gentleman, has deemed the general's story about us of sufficient importance to investigate it, we will now say that anybody who asserts that the editor of the *Nation* either solicited or instigated, or was in any way instrumental in procuring, the vote of \$15,000 to the capital of the paper, or that he even knew who composed the committee when the vote was made, or ever heard Butler's name mentioned in connection with it, except by Butler himself within the last month, has either been grossly deceived or is guilty of wilful falsehood. We may say the same thing of anybody who asserts that the *Nation* was established "in the interest of the freedmen," in any sense in which it has not advocated the interest of the freedmen, or for the purpose of serving the freedmen in any character but that of members of a free community, especially ill-fitted to detect the real character of politicians like General Butler. A paper exclusively devoted to the interests of the freedmen as freedmen undoubtedly was projected before the *Nation*, and out of that project the idea of the *Nation* grew; but no such scheme was ever submitted to the editor of the *Nation*, nor would he ever have participated in its execution, as all who are acquainted with the origin of the enterprise well know. The persistent mixing up of the two projects, in which a great many busybodies indulge, probably amuses them, but it does the *Nation* no harm. We have more than once seen insinuations in "organs," both secular and "religious," to the effect that this journal has departed from its original programme, but we have never thought it worth while to notice them. It is with great reluctance that we now depart from our rule of not troubling our readers with any reference to its private affairs. We shall probably never do so again. Nobody knows half as well as its conductors what its original programme was. That it has adhered to it faithfully and well we find abundant proof in the fact that there is not a quack, jobber, charlatan, knave, pretender, or blatterer in the country who has ever heard of it—and we hope before long to bring it to the notice of every one of them—who does not instinctively and cordially detest it.—ED. NATION.]

THE PHILADELPHIA FRAUDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The charges brought by you against Mr. Justice Sharswood are wholly without foundation, though, in view of the libels daily published in our local papers, your mistake was not an unnatural one. I enclose a copy of the opinion delivered by him, from which it will be seen that the method of naturalization in the *Nisi Prius* this fall was the same as has always been followed in the other courts of this city and county, and that for the first time in that court he introduced the system of examining the papers himself.

It may be added that, during the months of September and October, there were about six thousand naturalizations in the Supreme Court, where

the Democrats were naturalized—the Prothonotary being a Democrat—and over three thousand in the other courts. Of the six thousand, about one thousand were from adjacent counties, so that only five thousand Democrats were naturalized in a city polling a vote of nearly 120,000; nor is the proportion of two Democrats to one Republican very extravagant. Of these, a very large number were entitled to their papers in 1864, and many others obtained their certificates from having served in the army for one year and upwards. Their names have all been published in the *Evening Telegraph*; but though the League has offered large rewards for the detection of frauds, I do not know that any have been arrested—the police, too, being all active politicians. On the other hand, Judge Read, who wrote the letter to Chief-Justice Thompson of which so much has been said, has been on the bench nearly ten years, and it was his habit, while naturalizations were going on, to leave the court-room altogether, entrusting the work entirely to Colonel Snowden; and at the very time so much was said in the Republican papers as to the manner of naturalization in the Supreme Court, I took part myself in arguments, both before the District Court and Common Pleas, when at the same moment the clerks were mumbling over the questions and affidavits in the corner of the room in so low a tone as not to disturb judges or counsel. And further, it should be said that the only wholesale fraud exposed was one headed by the “King of the Lobby,” who brought down fifty or sixty men—many of them grey-headed—from Cattasauqua and had them naturalized on “minor’s papers” in the Common Pleas, and when as many as could be arrested were sent down to the county jail District-Attorney Mann ordered their discharge, and they were all released—and certainly not to vote the Democratic ticket. Of course, this is only the “*tu quoque* argument;” but that is always good as far as it goes, and in this case it goes a good way to prove the entire propriety of the conduct of a judge to show that it has been sanctioned by a practice of thirty years, and by the conduct of his chief assailant. And I can say further, upon the authority of Mr. McMichael himself, who first brought the forged certificates before the court, that Judge Sharswood not only treated his application, irregular as it was, in the most considerate way, but himself suggested the plan afterwards adopted, and the best plan that could have been devised, to bring Devine before the court as a witness. As to the Prothonotary himself, no one questioned his integrity, and it was frankly conceded in argument. Indeed, he is the only Prothonotary in any of our courts that attends in person to the duties of his office. In the other courts they always act by deputy, and very few members of the bar have ever seen one of them. It can hardly be said, then, that Judge Sharswood “reluctantly ordered an examination.” And, finally, as to the charge that he “declared the court adjourned *sine die*,” it needs only to be explained that our Supreme Court consists of five judges, one of whom is assigned, in rotation, to hold the Nisi Prius for one month. When that month is up his power is gone, except as to cases already begun before him. When his opinion was finished, therefore, his court of Nisi Prius was adjourned *sine die, ex vi termini*; but Chief-Justice Thompson was sitting in the next room, and if the Attorney-General had anything to say, he knew where to go to. It was this rule, too, that kept Judge Read off the bench and compelled him to decide his cases, with the aid of Mr. Justice Agnew and Judge Williams (“not yet a full judge,” as he phrased it in his letter), in his own study.

Under all the circumstances, then, it is not thought by Judge Sharswood’s friends that it is *his* name that points the moral against an elective judiciary; but what they think of the course of Judge Read may be inferred from the fact that when Mr. Scofield introduced his resolution for the impeachment of Judge Field, on the ground of having expressed an opinion as to cases not yet argued before him (see *Congressional Globe*, January 30, 1868), the Democrats in the House of Representatives expressed their willingness to vote for the resolution if Mr. Scofield would vouch for the allegation, and the Democratic press and bar throughout the country held the same doctrine, and declared that if Judge Field had, in fact, so spoken in reference to questions then pending or likely to come before him, he should be impeached and removed.

I am, etc.,
PHILADELPHIA, October 19, 1868.

A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER.

[We have taken some pains to ascertain the truth of this matter from an impartial source, and, as well as we can make out, this is what is asserted, conceded, and cannot be denied by fair-minded men, Democrats or Republicans: They do not find fault with Judge Sharswood’s decision, as regards the matter of it, but the honor of his court was at stake in the Devine case; and he showed in his decision more eagerness to vindicate the authenticity of the six

thousand papers issued by his Prothonotary, and Devine’s credibility, than the honor of the court. Devine acknowledges himself a drunken loafer, and Colonel Snowden’s counsel pronounced him an irresponsible idiot; and yet the judge virtually undertook his defence, and professed to believe his worthless story. His opinion was undoubtedly a political document, but it must be admitted that it was intended to neutralize Judge Read’s more irregular, equally partisan, letter.

It is a suspicious circumstance, to say the least, that Colonel Snowden’s subordinates, when examined, with scarcely an exception, testified that they had been employed in his office but for a few days or a few weeks, and one of them, it turned out, had already served a term in the penitentiary for fabricating papers. We do not suspect Colonel Snowden of being personally concerned in the frauds; but it looks as though, under party dictation, he had cleared out his office in preparation for the political campaign, and allowed it to be manned by those who were plotting the wholesale manufacture of voters. It is a physical and moral impossibility that the requirements of the acts of Congress could be complied with when seven hundred and twenty naturalizations were granted in one day of five hours; and on the day when this took place a legal friend of our informant’s, having business with the Supreme Court, found no judge on the bench, while naturalizing was going on briskly in two rooms. If Judges Read and Agnew have shown partisanship on the Republican side, Chief-Justice Thompson made an even more lamentable exhibition of it on the other side when the fraudulent naturalization papers were first brought before him, and Colonel Snowden professed himself unable to say whether the signatures were his own or not, and the judge descended from his judicial position to promptly pronounce them forgeries, thus becoming a witness in his own court. The comparison between Judge Read and Judge Field fails in this, that the complaint against the latter was for the assumed prejudgment of a case to be brought before him, while the former was merely remonstrating with a brother justice against vicious practices in his own court for which both justices were responsible before the public. It was irregular, however, and the whole matter cannot but exercise a most unfortunate influence on the confidence heretofore reposed by the community in the courts, and furnishes a very proper argument against an elective judiciary.—ED. NATION.]

A CORRECTION FROM MR. CRANCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

DEAR SIR: In the *Nation* of Oct. 15 I find honorable mention of a poem of mine, entitled “The Nineteenth Century,” published in the *Atlantic Almanac* for 1869. Your critic, however, says: “But we do not like

“Mysterious forces overawe,
Absorb, suspend the natural law.”

For in the first place, they do not overawe or absorb or suspend the natural law; and in the second place, the inaccurate statement is prosaically made.”

I do not wonder at his not liking the lines as he has quoted them. If he had read the poem a little more carefully, he would have seen that I did not write “natural,” but “usual”:

“Mysterious forces overawe,
Absorb, suspend the usual law.”

All laws are natural, but all laws are not usual or common. In the image of the magnetic storm and its mysterious power over the electric fluid of the wires, I endeavored to present the action of the grand Providential laws that overrule for a time the acts of individuals. But the substitution of the word *natural* for *usual* makes me out a supernaturalist, which, in the customary theological sense, I must protest against.

Begging your insertion of this correction,

I remain, very truly yours,

C. P. CRANCH.

FISHKILL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1868.

[There is nothing for us to do but acknowledge that by one of those accidents from which, as it seems, even weekly journals are not exempt, our critic got “usual” into his head when a part of Mr. Cranch’s fine little poem fixed itself in his memory, and that thus the criticism was thrown away. It would have been excellent criticism, however, if the poetry had not turned out as it has.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

"PAR ORDRE DU ROI," M. Victor Hugo's new novel, or rather old novel, for it has been on the stocks, we believe, some twenty years or more, is to be published in Paris by M. La Croix, who paid its author 300,000 francs for it, and in this country by the Messrs. Appleton, who have bought advance sheets. The translation will have a translated title—"By the King's Command."—Messrs. Hurd & Houghton announce a work by Mrs. Murray, entitled "The Modern System of Painting in Water-Colors from the Living Model." In November the volume may be expected.—Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth utterly disclaims all intention to charge the "distinguished authors (Mr. Boucicault and Mr. Reade) with any real *foul play*," but still for her own credit's sake desires to state that a forthcoming book of hers, which she has rechristened "Fair Play," appeared in the New York *Ledger* in 1865, and was copied into the *London Journal* in 1866. We do not of our own knowledge assert, but Mrs. Southworth of her knowledge does assert, that there is much resemblance between the two novels, and particularly, she says, quoting Mr. Reade, we think, that the likeness may be found in "that which has been called the most beautiful and original part of each story, and describes the strange situation of the shipwrecked lovers on the solitary island." Of all this it is only necessary to say that we must wait till "Fair Play" is published next month by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers before it will be possible to tell whether there is anything but the slightest and most casual similarity between the two books.—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have nearly ready a new work by the amusing but somewhat untrustworthy Mr. Naphegyi. Its title is "Ghardaia; or, Ninety Days among the Bni-Mozab: A Narrative of Adventures in the Oases of the Sahara."—The Catholic Publication Society, with a desire to spread Catholic literature among the people, have resolved to make cheap books, and propose to publish very soon a work entitled "Gropings after Truth," in which Mr. Joshua Huntington, once a Congregationalist minister, relates how he became a convert, or pervert, or "vert"—as the mild-mannered say who strive to keep themselves impartial—from Protestantism to Catholicism. These "Gropings" are to be sold at twenty-five cents a copy. Father Hewit writes the preface.—Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt have in hand a new Danish novel: "The Fisher Maiden." We call it Danish, because it was written by a Dane and originally in his native tongue; but Leypoldt & Holt are translating it from the German, in which language the author had a simultaneous edition issued. Bjørnesterne Björnson is the author, and there is good German authority for calling him a charming one. "The Fisher Maiden" is a girl of low birth but of strong artistic tastes, who has a passion for the stage. To show how her art study and her natural traits of character reacted on each other, and what their interaction made of the heroine, is the design of the poet—he may be called a poet. He does not, however, show her to us after her histrionic life has been fully entered on, but while she is pursuing her study. The book ends with the ringing of the prompter's bell on the evening of her first appearance, and with the words: "And so the curtain rose."

—The last number of the *Law Review* is of about the usual value, and we are glad to be able to repeat our commendation of it. The present number is, perhaps, of rather less than usual interest to the merely general reader; but two things in it will please him. Mr. Ellis's essay on Brougham struck us as being a fair and judicious summing up of the life and labors—a life all labors—of that most remarkable—we do not know why we should not say so—of modern Britons. There is an immense fund of anecdote and "secret history" afloat concerning him, but it has not got itself into print yet, and may never. When it does, there will be a prize subject for two or three review essays by somebody. The article on the "Erie Railroad Row" is by far the clearest and fullest account of that extraordinary affair which has ever been published, and deserves to be universally read. Yet the writer (who is evidently a Bostonian) appears not to be aware of some facts which are a material part of the case, and, in his anxiety to be impartial, does injustice to some of the few upright judges who remain in New York. An ordinary reader would infer from this article that Judges Clerke and Gilbert, who granted the injunctions which tied the hands of Judge Barnard, were greatly to blame, and perhaps influenced by corrupt motives; whereas no one in this city, who knows anything about the bench, doubts the perfect integrity of these gentlemen, or the good faith in which they acted. It is true that the charges upon which they proceeded were not carried to trial, but it is notorious that this was the result of a

private arrangement with which they had nothing to do. The lawyers also receive much of the reviewer's censure, and we think without any good reason. The insinuation that any of Mr. Drew's counsel attempted to bribe the judges is unjustifiable. There was no impropriety in seeking to retain Mr. Haskin as counsel; and the \$5,000 offered to him was the smallest fee received by any counsel on either side of the litigation. Boston lawyers may think this a large fee, but it is not so esteemed here; and no member of the bar, if he were knave enough to offer a bribe, would be such a fool as to offer a judge \$5,000 in a case of such importance. We can assure our Boston friends that our New York judges are not so lost to all self-respect as to take such grossly inadequate bribes. They know that the laborer in this, as in any other vineyard, is worthy of his hire. The sum that *was* thought worthy of notice—and which was fixed upon without the knowledge or participation of any lawyer—was \$50,000. The moral sense of the reviewer seems also to have been shocked by the fact that detectives were employed on both sides, and that an affidavit made by one of them was read in court. This affidavit proved that the chief of a gang of kidnappers, bent on carrying off Mr. Drew by force from another State, had reported his proceedings to the judge before whom the cause was pending. The detective had never been employed by any lawyer engaged in the case, but Mr. Drew's counsel used his affidavit; and this the reviewer thinks a shocking offence! We suppose a gentlemanly lawyer must then submit to the robbery, and even the murder, of his client rather than use evidence of a detective; but if so, clients who have to deal with New York judges will unanimously dispense with gentlemanly lawyers.

—Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, are putting American literature under obligations by the work which they have undertaken of publishing their "Ohio Valley Historical Series." Of this enterprise we have once before spoken, and are glad to speak again, and are glad, too, of the occasion of our present speaking. It is the reception of the first volume of the set—"Historical Account" (we should have the article before "Historical"),—"Historical Account of Bouquet's Expedition against the Ohio Indians in 1764," with a preface by Francis Parkman, and a translation of Dumas's biographical sketch of the general. Bouquet was a Swiss officer in command at Philadelphia, who, with a good deal of skill and courage, defeated the Ohio Indians in several pitched battles, and conquered a peace, welcome enough at the close of Pontiac's war. Mr. A. R. Spofford, the librarian of Congress, not long since discovered in the Force Collection a letter which makes it plain that Dr. William Smith, of the Philadelphia College, was the author of this readable little account of the expedition. The plans and illustrations of the original work Messrs. Clarke & Co. have had reproduced by the photo-lithographic process known as Osborne's Process—and very well indeed it does reproduce Bouquet's plans and President Benjamin West's magniloquent old pictures. The second volume of the series is to be a "History of Athens County, Ohio," which is that part of Ohio first settled by the whites. This work will include the history of the founding of the University at Athens, the oldest of Western colleges; of the settlement of the towns of Marietta, Athens, and many more; biographical sketches of the famous Tom Ewing, Bishop Ames, and other men of mark; and, besides these things, much incidental matter of a good deal of local interest and of very considerable value to the future historian. We Americans of the present generation wander to the points where our history touches that of the Old World, or we go abroad in search of themes, or we write the stilted, "dignified" history of our Revolutionary struggle, with its obvious "historical" availabilities. Only in rare cases, like those of Upham and Palfrey, do we try to write our own history. Let us, by the way, not forget the name of Mr. Parkman, with his episodes; there would be the less excuse, as he has a few pleasant words of preface in the volume we have been mentioning. But our children, some of them, unless Mr. Eugene Benson's worst fears are realized, will possess the genius which will grapple with the difficulties of writing the true American history, and every one such child of the future will surely rise up and call men like Mr. Moore and Dr. Smith blessed. Messrs. Clarke we must praise for the typographical excellence of their works, but we think our taste in the matter of tints for book paper differs a little from theirs.

—We usually allow Mr. R. G. White to talk without interruption when he takes people to task for their errors of speech, and, perhaps, do not give him too much attention. The vulgarisms that cause him such grief we, we desire to thank heaven, are entirely free from. But as he was laying down the law the other day in the *Galaxy*, on "Words and their Uses," he seems to have hit out right and left in a way which

has brought him into contact with ourselves among others. It is to be hoped, as we believe we have once before remarked, that Mr. White is well learned in philological knowledge, for he is abundantly peremptory in all that he says, although, to be sure, he escapes the pertness and laborious dulness and triviality of the Moons and the Goulds. But to the matter in hand. Mr. White wants people to say "presidential" instead of "presidential." Now, as this is a word that we shall have to keep on using for more years than we can say, we should be obliged if Mr. White would inform us and the audience which he instructs what he does with "tangential," and what vestige of authority he has for what he says, and why he reasons from analogy as regards English orthography, and why he finds fault with so good a metaphor as calling a "canvass" a "campaign," and what "blatant Americanism" there is in a word so long known to English on both sides of the water as "presidential?"

—One who wished to keep the run of European affairs would probably, other things being equal, choose a German rather than any other newspaper: either the *Augsburg*, the *Cologne*, or the *Weser Gazette*. If he read only French, the *Indépendance Belge* would be preferable, for general news, to any paper published within the limits of the empire. The daily edition of any one of these, however, is rather expensive, besides demanding a good deal of leisure for its perusal. *Le Nouveau Monde*, a weekly journal just started in this city, undertakes, for a moderate price, to give a pretty full summary of foreign news, in addition to an unpartisan account of American politics, the irrepressible *feuilleton*, literary articles, agricultural information, etc., etc. We have seen only the second number, which certainly abounds in news, and contains foreign and domestic correspondence of its own. Prof. Blot appears to be contributing a series of *menus*, with directions for cooking; and the famous Baron Brisse promises to furnish immediately a series of articles on household economy, meaning by that term the art of living well in the cheapest possible manner. He intends to describe each week "two simple dishes appropriate to the season, easily prepared, and calculated to afford a varied nutriment." *Le Nouveau Monde* contains sixteen quarto pages, and is handsomely printed.

—Very pleasant reading is to be found in the thick volume (nearly four hundred pages) of Rev. Wm. Dunn Macray's "Annals of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, A.D. 1598-1867; with a preliminary notice of the earlier Library founded in the 14th century"—published by Rivingtons. The book is beautifully printed, and shows great care, industry, and research. It is delightfully indifferent to all the rules of scientific bibliography, and talks with about equal praise of the great prizes of the Library and of the odd collection of useless treasures that have been gathered there, from the Tartar Lambskin Coat, with its apocryphal history, to the illustrated Clarendon and Burnet, which, under the fostering hand of Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, grew from the six volumes of the folio editions of Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion and Life," and of Burnet's "Own Times," into sixty-one elephant folio volumes, illustrated with nearly 20,000 portraits of every person and views of every place in any way mentioned in the text or connected with its subject matter. Of the late acquisitions, great stress is properly laid on a possibly genuine Shakespeare autograph in a copy of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," printed by Aldus at Venice, in October, 1502, and bought by the Library in January of 1865, at a sale of Sotheby & Wilkinson's, for nine pounds! A still more curious story is that told of the copy on vellum, with illuminated initials, of the first volume of the Vulgate Bible, printed by Faust and Schœffer, in 1462, which was bought in 1750 for two pounds ten shillings. The volume was imperfect at the end, ceasing at Job xxxii. 5, and seven leaves followed in contemporary and beautiful manuscript, which also ended imperfectly at Psalms xxxvi. 9, with one leaf wanting at the end of Job. In 1817 the Bodleian Library became the purchaser (for more than five thousand pounds), of a large collection of manuscripts formed by Matteo Luigi Canonisi, a Jesuit father, who died in Venice about 1805. His manuscripts were received at Oxford in 1818, and among some fragments which were found in one of the boxes were fourteen leaves of a manuscript Bible, which were at once recognized as being part of those wanted to complete this book, and which left only four still deficient. The volume came to the Library from the collection of "N. J. Foucault, but through how many hands the missing leaves had passed in the seventy subsequent years ere they were thus marvellously restored to their place, it is impossible to tell. Apart from the charming tid-bits of bibliographical and personal histories which are told in the recital of the three centuries of the life of the Bodleian Library, the book has its own especial merit in showing how the fact that a library exists, and is meant to be always a safe and sure home for books, is of itself a standing invitation—sure sooner or later to be accepted—to all book collectors to make it the final receptacle of their life's labors. The

list of donors and benefactors, beginning, of course, with Bodley himself, and coming down the long line of names of men famous for their devotion to the loving labor of book-hunting, is wonderful to look upon; Sir Walter Raleigh, Selden, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Kenelm Digby, Laud, "Anatomy" Burton, Selden, Hearne, John Locke, Rawlinson, Gough, Malone, Douce, were all large benefactors; and the name of almost every man famous for knowledge or learning, is in some way connected with the Bodleian during its long and useful career. The wheel of time worked to a good end when, in a turn of only seventy years, it brought back the missing leaves of the early Fifteener Bible. It had even more curious results in the contrast between 1649 and 1829; in the former year the Jews proffer six hundred thousand pounds for St. Paul's for a synagogue, and for Oxford Library to sell abroad—and only a little difference of a couple of hundred thousand pounds prevented the bargains; in the latter year the Bodleian began the collection of Hebrew literature which now makes one of its chief ornaments, by a purchase of five thousand volumes—the library of a Jewish Rabbi. There is a mention or two of American affairs that show how universal is the reach of such a vast library in its hold upon the affections of all who dedicate themselves to any class of literary labor. In 1749 a "Clavis Lingue Sanctæ, or explanation of all the Hebrew and some Chaldean roots found in the Old Testament," was presented to the Library by Thomas Frankland, who wrote that "My wife's grandfather, Judge [Nicholas] Trott, Chief-Justice of South Carolina, desired on his death-bed that his forty years' labor relating to the Hebrew roots might be presented to the publishing library at Oxford." In 1861, Mr. George Livermore, through Archibald Cotton, presented his reprint, on vellum, of the "Souldier's Pocket Bible." There is a foot-note, in which is gravely "embalmed in amber" an extract from an account of a visit to Oxford by an American tourist, which appeared very recently in the *New York Times*, that recites with evident pride the American's honest embarrassment at having to give three-pence, the price of a pot of beer, to the gentleman who showed him through this noble collection. Exactly what good service it does, except to gratify the author's pride in the civility and erudition of the janitor of the Library, it is hard to see; but it is curiously characteristic of the inartificial construction of his book—not the least of its charms.

—A late number of the *Moniteur* contains an Imperial decree ordering the execution of a detailed geological map of France, and charging a board of savans, of which M. de Beaumont, senator and member of the Institute, is the president, with the superintendence of the work. Up to this time there has existed only a general geological chart of France, in six sheets, on the scale of 1-500,000, the project of which was conceived, under the first Republic, as early as 1794, but not realized till between 1822-40. After the completion of the first general survey, the task of providing more detailed maps was left to the conseils généraux (administrative councils) of the several departments. But what these bodies did, or rather omitted to do, in this respect, furnished but another illustration of the historical incapacity of the French for local self-government, and their inveterate disposition to leave everything to the initiation of the central government. It was expected at the time that all the departments would be provided with special maps at the end of six years. But although nearly thirty years have since elapsed most of them have as yet to take the first step in the matter. The consequence was that France made, as compared to other nations, but a sorry show in the department of geological maps at the Universal Exposition of last year. Especially the splendid charts—on a scale of 1-63,000—of the British Geological Survey, covering nearly the whole of the United Kingdom, made the shortcomings of France painfully apparent, and roused the Imperial Government to a full realization of this backwardness. Hence the decree mentioned. The new general survey is to be completed in ten years, at an estimated expense to the state of one million francs. The eighty-six departments are to be comprised in 286 charts. The scale is to be an uniform one of 1-80,000.

—The famous map-publisher, Justus Perthes, of Gotha, has recently issued two works of great value to classical and biblical scholars. The first and most important of the two publications is a series of seven maps illustrating the topography of Athens and bearing the following title: "Sieben Karten zur Topographie von Athen mit lithographirten Beilagen und Holzschnitten," von Ernst Curtius. Professor Curtius, who for many years was connected with the philosophical faculty of Göttingen, but during the past summer accepted a call to the University of Berlin, is doubtless well known to some of our readers as the author of "Peloponnesos," one of the best historical and geographical descriptions of the Grecian Peninsula ever written. In 1862 he was commissioned by the Prussian Government to visit Athens and make a thorough exploration of the ancient city and its

environs. In this enterprise he was assisted by Dr. Karl Böttcher and several other distinguished scholars of Germany and Greece. Ample funds were provided for the purpose of making such excavations as were necessary to settle obscure topographical questions, especially in reference to the sites of temples and other ancient edifices. The results of these researches are embodied in the above-mentioned series of maps, which in fulness and accuracy are incomparably superior to any hitherto published. Hills, valleys, rocks, quarries, all inequalities, depressions, elevations, and peculiar characteristics of the land are indicated by gradations of color and shading which have all the distinctness of relief. The second work is a "Bibel-Atlas in acht Blättern," by Menke, who seems to have made a thorough study of the subject, with the use of all the materials and information which recent scientific explorations have furnished in elucidation of the geography of the Holy Land. In mechanical execution both works are elegant specimens of German cartography.

—We have just seen an interesting little octavo of about a hundred pages, published at Naples, with the title, "Scoverte Archeologiche fatte in Italia dal 1846 al 1866." It was originally prepared in the form of a report to the Minister of Public Instruction, and is a succinct *résumé* of the archaeological exhumations which have been made in Italy during the last twenty years, arranged in geographical and chronological order. The author begins with what, from an antiquarian point of view, is the most sterile soil of the Italian peninsula, viz., Cisalpine Gaul, and records with great care everything that has been brought to light, inscriptions, votive tablets, Carthaginian and Phœnician urns; Greek, Roman, and Etruscan statues, mirrors, tripods, candelabra; mythologic, heroic, and historical paintings; utensils of all kinds, sacred and secular, etc. The most fertile field of excavation is Rome, where more numerous and more important discoveries have been made than in all the rest of Italy combined. Here Fiorelli limits himself exclusively to what might be called classical in distinction from Christian antiquities, making no mention of Signor de' Rossi's valuable labors as contained in his "Roma Sotteranea Cristiana" (noticed in a former number of the *Nation*), and in the monthly "Bollettino di Archeologia Cristiana," which the same indefatigable scholar has published since 1863. In apology for this deficiency Fiorelli pleads the *confini prescritti* of his work. It is probably due to the same self-prescribed limitations that in the bibliographical appendix he enumerates only Italian authorities, and thus does great injustice to foreign, and especially to French and German, archaeologists. Certainly the efficiency with which the Prussian Institute on the Capitol has labored in this field entitled it to some recognition; and a bibliography of Italian antiquities that omits the names of Bunsen, Lepsius, Platner, Röstel, Gerhard, Braun, Overbeck, Zahn, and Mommsen, is very far from the completeness which we deem essential in order to render such an inventory of any practical value. We trust that in the next edition of the "Scoverte," Fiorelli will revise and enlarge this appendix, forget that he is making an official report to his own Government, and remember that the scholars of every nation have an interest in whatever comes from his pen.

—The treaty of peace concluded between Austria and Italy at the close of the war of 1866 contained a clause providing for the restitution to Venice of the archives and treasures of art which the Austrians had carried away with them upon their final evacuation of the city of the doges. The Austrians clung so tenaciously to their prey that the plenipotentiaries of the two governments, appointed to carry out the clause, came to an understanding as to the works of art to be returned only in the early part of this month. According to the special convention concluded between them, the paintings carried off in 1866, to the number of two hundred, are alone to be restored to the Queen of the Adriatic. Those previously removed—their number is not small—are to remain in the Austrian collections, of which they now form part. As to the archives, only those relating specially to Venice are to be returned. The vast collection of diplomatic correspondence between Austria and Venice during the last three centuries, containing no less than three hundred folio volumes, very rich and all but unexplored material for historians, is to remain at Vienna. Altogether, it seems as though the Austrians had rather the better of the bargain.

MANNERS OF THE OLDEN TIME.*

This portly volume is another of the admirable productions by which the Early English Text Society is earning the gratitude of all scholars. It diverges a little, indeed, from the primary purposes of the society; for its

* "The Babees Book, Aristotle's A. B. C., Urbanitatis, etc. Edited by Frederick J. Furnivall, M.A." 1 vol. 8vo, pp. cxxxvj., 406, 132. London: Published for the Early English Text Society. 1863.

philological interest is only secondary, its main importance being historical. Mr. Furnivall, who describes himself as the "foolometer" of the society, has collected from both MS. and printed sources a number of manuals of politeness and good breeding current among our forefathers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and has prefaced them by an introduction in his own peculiar style, in which he gives us a large amount of curious detail concerning education and manners in mediæval England. Thus, from cover to cover, the volume is full of that which enables us to reconstruct for ourselves the domestic life of our ancestors; and if in the process we lose much of the romance with which past ages are popularly invested, we can console ourselves with noting the vast improvements which we enjoy in all that lends comfort and dignity to private life.

To do justice to everything worthy of remark in this collection would require a volume not very far inferior to itself in size. We can only, therefore, enumerate the various parts of which it is composed, with an occasional extract to illustrate their quality. The "Babees Book" is a short versified code of instructions in manners for young persons, dating from about 1475. It is followed by the "A. B. C. of Aristotle"—a couple of pages of worldly advice, written about 1430. Then comes the "Tractus Urbanitatis," from a MS. of about 1460. The nature of these manuals of manners, and the ill-breeding which they were designed to correct, may be fairly shown by the following, from among the elaborate directions as to table observances:

"To the beste morselle thou may not stryke
Thowg thou neur so welle hit lyke.
Also kepe thy hondys fayne and welle
Fro fylinge of the towelle,
Ther-on thou shalt not thy nose wypp;
Nothur at thy mete thy toth thou pyke;
To depe in thy cuppe thou may not synke
Thowg thou haue goode wyll to drynke" (p. 14).

Then come "The Lytyle Childrenes Lytil Boke" and "The Young Children's Book," of about the end of the fifteenth century. Then two versions of "The Book of Curteisie that is clepid Stans Puer ad Mensam," attributed to Lydgate. Two or three minor pieces are followed by some motherly advice, "How the good Wijf taugte hir Daugtir," from a MS. of about 1430, which affords us a curious insight into the maidenly and wifely virtues held most in esteem at the period, while the faults to be eschewed can be instructively compared with the recent complaints of the *Saturday Review*. However we may have deteriorated in some things, it would be difficult to imagine a mother of the present day warning her daughter that if she gets drunk too often on malt liquors she will run some risk of disgrace:

"And if thou be in place where good ale is on lofte,
Whether that thou serve thereof or that thou sitte softe,
Mesurabi thou take ther-of that thou falle in no blame,
For if thou be ofte drunke it falle thee to schame;
For tho that ben ofte drunke,
Thrift is from hem sunke,
Mi leue child" (p. 39).

Domestic discipline was somewhat of the sharpest, though cursing and swearing at her children was not considered decent in a mother:

"And if thy children been rebel, and wole not hem bowe,
If any of hem mys dooth, nouthur banne hem ne blowe,
But take a smert rodde, and bete hem on a rowe
Til thei crie mercy, and be of her gilt aknowe" (p. 46).

That the "smert rodde" was habitually laid on with no gentle hand is shown by Mr. Furnivall in his "Forewords" (p. vij.), where he quotes from the Paston Letters the treatment of her marriageable daughter by Agnes Paston, in 1454, "and she hath since Easter the most part been beaten once in the week or twice, and sometimes twice on a day, and her head broken in two or three places." This rough breaking-in lasted long and extended through all ranks of society, as is witnessed by the well-known description which Lady Jane Grey gives of her relations with her parents:

"For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speake, kepe silence, sit, stand, or go, cate, drinke, be merie or sad, be sewyng, playyng, dauncyng, or doing anyethyng els, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, mesure, and number, even so perfitelie as God made the world, or els I am so sharplie taunted, so cruellie threatened, yea presentlie some tymes, with pinches, nippes, and bobbes, and other waies which I will not name for the honor I beare them, so without measure misordered that I thinke myself in hell" (p. vij.)

That the relations between husband and wife were also sometimes wanting in delicacy, we may gather from a piece of 1430—"How the Wise Man taught his Sonne":

"And thou schalt not thi wijf displese,
Nelther calle hir no vilounis name;
And if thou do, thou art not wise,
To calle hir foule it is thi schame;
If thou thin owne wijf wilt defame,
No wondir though anothir do so,
But softe and faire a man may tame
Bothe herte and hynde, bucke and do" (p. 51).

To this follow some dietaries and lists of recipes of the fifteenth century,

and then comes Rhodes's "Boke of Nurture," reprinted from the edition of 1577, with another similar work of the first half of the fifteenth century, now first printed from MS.—John Russell's "Boke of Nurture folowyng Englondis gise." In his notes to this latter, Mr. Furnivall gives copious extracts from a hitherto unknown black-letter work on natural history, by Lawrence Andrewes, which are exceedingly quaint and curious. The notions prevalent in those days of the wonders of the deep may be gathered from such fish stories as the following: As for the "Huna," "whan he is in peryl of dethe be othre fishes than he onfacyoneth himselfe as rounde as a bowle, withdrawynge his hede into his bely; whan he hath then honger he dothe ete a parte of himselfe rather than the othre fishes sholde ete him hole and all." The crab had the reputation of great cunning: "The creuyce eteth the Oysters, and geteth them be polyeie; for whan the oyster gapeth, he throweth lytell stones in him, and so geteth his fyshe out, for it bydeth than open." There was another fish peculiarly sensitive to fresh water: "Coretz is a fishe that hydeth hym in the depe of the water whan it rayneth for yf he received any rayne, he sholde waxe blynde, and dye of it" (pp. 230-233). And yet another, which sadly puzzled the followers of the gentle craft: "Solopendria is a fishe whan he hathe swallowed in an angle, than he spueth out al his guttes till he be quyt of the hoke and than he gadereth in all his guttes agayne" (p. 238). But we must not linger over these curiosities of nature, for we are but half through the volume, and have left ourselves space for little more than a bare enumeration of its remaining contents.

Some short extracts from several old works on hygiene follow, and then come "The Boke of Keruyng," reprinted from the edition of Wynkyn de Worde; "The Booke of Demeanor," from the edition of 1619; "The Boke of Curtasye," from a MS. of 1430-40; "Bishop Grossetest's Household Statutes," from a MS. of 1450-60; Seager's "Schoole of Vertue," from the edition of 1557; followed by a number of minor pieces, gathered from various sources, illustrative of the general theme of the volume. Then follows Part II., which consists of French and Latin poems "On the Manners and Meals of the Olden Time," together with a very copious index and an appendix of illustrative wood-cuts borrowed from Wright's "History of Domestic Manners and Customs."

The whole leaves upon us the impression that our ancestors were not particularly nice; and it was scarcely necessary for Mr. Furnivall to quote the passage from Erasmus, in which he explains, by the filthy habits of the people, the pestilences which continually afflicted England. "The floors," he says, "are mostly of clay, generally covered with rushes, so seldom renewed that the lower portions sometimes remain unchanged for twenty years, cherishing a mass of spittle, vomits, urine of dogs and men, beer, fragments of fish, and other unmentionable filth. From these, with the changes of the seasons, there arises a steam which, to my thinking, is anything but healthful." This description of the England of Henry VIII., be it remembered, comes from an ardent admirer, and one who, as a stranger, would not have troubled himself to describe habits to which he had been accustomed at home. We may, therefore, conclude that the Englishmen of those days were rather pre-eminent for their neglect of the graces and decencies of life; and yet, before we draw any farther deductions from these unsavory facts, it would be well to bear in mind the wise toleration of which Mr. Furnivall sets us the example: "Reflections on the good deeds done and the high thoughts thought by men of old dirtier than some now, may prevent us concluding that because other people now talk through their noses, and have manners different from our own, they and their institutions must be wholly abominable; that because others smell when heated they ought to be slaves; or that eating pease with a knife renders men unworthy of the franchise" (Forewords, p. lxxv.).

There is no literary publication association which does its work with so little of unnecessary expenditure, or which gives its subscribers so full a money's worth, as the Early English Text Society, and its unexampled success is simply the measure of its merits. We only wish that its list of American associates could be increased tenfold, and we can assure every student of the past that, no matter what his special line may be, he will find in its varied list of issues something every year that will richly repay him.

THE MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

Lippincott's is not the best magazine of the month, but we are inclined to think that the best magazine article of the month is in *Lippincott's*. "Mahala's Drive" has rather too heavy a villain in it, to be sure, and certain other things might be said about it; but readability is the virtue of magazine articles, and "Mahala's Drive" is most pleasantly readable. We do not remember having made a young lady's acquaintance, recently,

with more satisfaction. Another story, not without merit, is "Doctor Aar," but most of its merit is in the sketching of Uncle Mem, and the curse of commonplaceness lies, though not with too much dead weight, on most of the rest of it. "Emanuel Leutze" seems to have been written by somebody who either had never seen that artist's works, or had never seen works by any other artist. However, it is by some one who knew Leutze personally, and that gentleman's friends will be glad to know what is said of him. A very fair specimen of the monthly variety of poetry—in the cultivation of which we do not conceive of the Muses as being very warmly interested—is "Silhouettes." The Honorable Amasa Walker's essay on "Legal Interference with the Hours of Labor" will bear careful perusal; and there ought to be a trades-union edition of it, in paper covers, just as there is a trades-union edition of Mr. Bristed's "Interference Theory of Government." There is nothing else, we think, in this number of *Lippincott's* which it is necessary to mention, either by way of commendation or for the purpose of gratifying the critic's natural perversity and malevolence, except the review of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations." That essay is a good example of the second-best sort of the essays which Mr. Bartlett's work has called out. The writer shows knowledge, and he shows a greater or less want of exact appreciation of the value of his particular fund of knowledge. It was not Mr. Bartlett's business to include in his book every proverb of which himself and his coadjutors might know the origin; nor to reprint every striking expression to be found in poetry, because he could learnedly trace it through a chain of half a dozen authors; nor to resuscitate dead slang. "York, you're wanted," may have been "frequently heard in Great Britain about 1832, when the Duke of York became insolvent;" and it may even be "common among Englishmen, especially on board men-of-war;" but, nevertheless, it was nothing to Mr. Bartlett, and can only go into his manual when he puts in "How's your poor feet?" and "All round my hat," and similar devices, which we have noticed as especially common among Englishmen on shore, and which were in use when a good many people in Great Britain became insolvent. And we do not know anybody to whom this quotation is a familiar one:

"She very imprudently married the barber;"

or this one:

"Infants in hell span-long"—

which, by the way, the Reverend Mr. Baxter, of Coventry and the "Saint's Rest," has been charged with inventing—certain of whose relatives, very distant ones, our essayist finds in Burns and in Saint Ambrose.

The *Overland Monthly* we continue to praise heartily. "The Confessions of a Débutant," in the October number, which is the last we have received, is a very agreeable account—and would be even if it were not also a most accurate account—of the feelings of a budding member of the theatrical profession. We speak as one having only a slight acquaintance with the wrong side of any foot-lights. "Old Texan Days" is likewise very good, and "The Californian Abroad"—whom we suspect to be now a Californian much at home in that region of racy humor—tells a highly amusing "Medieval Romance" of the kind which the late moral showman, Artemus Ward, would describe as mucilaginous, its constituent parts being of several ages, including that of Mr. G. P. R. James. We fear it is the same author who did the "Angelus" which "Mr. Longfellow might," very easily, "have written," but wouldn't. Solider articles than any we have mentioned are: "What the Railroad will Bring Us," "The Vineyards of California," "Overworked Soils," "Did Drake discover San Francisco Bay?" "Porcelain," and a biographical sketch of Rosas, a little known man well worth knowing, who was not so long ago dictator in Buenos Ayres. On the whole, we do not know why we should not call the *Overland* quite as good as the best of the monthlies before us.

The *Galaxy*, for November, is to be called a good number. Much is to be forgiven Mr. Edward A. Pollard—whom we never thought to praise in this brief life—for the sake of his sensible and well-written "Story of a Hero," namely, of Admiral Bell. The new novel, "Cipher"—which, by the way, Mr. Eytinge ought to read before trying to illustrate it—goes on as it began, and is still a good magazine story. "A Talk with Mr. Burlingame about China"—China has just got into the place in current literature recently held by Alaska and previously by Crete—is by Mr. R. J. Hinton, and may be read. We wonder, let us here remark, how many persons there are in Washington who, no matter what, on this or other continents, they may happen to be writing about, cannot help lugging Mr. Walt Whitman into their discourse? Three we know of, we believe, and if they keep on they will make him as tiresome as we have no doubt Herr Freiligrath is this moment making him in the German translation; or, in fact, as he is in the American editions—or "The Editions of These States"—of "Leaves of Grass."

Mr. Eugene Benson's "Democratic Deities" we hardly know what to say about. We almost wish that we ourselves loved The Ideal so well as to be made very uncomfortable by everything real. It would be a pitch not reached by the hitherto most celebrated votaries of the veritable ideal. Another instance of a not very exhilarating inability to either take the world and use as much of it as may be needed or else to leave it alone and keep politely quiet, is furnished by Mr. E. R. Sill, in his melancholy verses—of a kind against which we are always constrained to protest. The "Picture of the World" is not a depressingly sad one, except to people who have no other world and who have not this one either, and—to give all the words their fullest sense—what thinking man is in precisely that condition? And if one is not a thinking man, what is the value of one's poetical productions?

The *Atlantic* opens with a vigorously-written article, or rather an article written with a good deal of spirit, by some woman who next month is going to put before us a scheme for co-operative housekeeping. There is a little exaggeration of tone in the writer's remarks, and the sky she paints is, we should say, a trifle more lowering than the real heavens. This article is, however, a good one, and her next can hardly fail to have still more interest. Mr. Hill's "Mayden Valley, Spinsterland" has not an exceedingly felicitous title, but the matter of it is such that we can recommend it to nearly all persons who heretofore have disliked or liked Mr. Hill's writing. It is humorous and witty, and agreeably sentimental. Of Mr. Benson's "Foreign Faces" we might, in general, say similar things to those we have said of his *Galaxy* essay above-mentioned. For a description of faces done in the same way, but with far more force and subtlety, we should refer the reader to Mr. Swinburne's essay on certain designs by various masters which he studied in his hot youth at Florence. "Sculpture in the United States" is a paper on art which seems to us to merit the praise of being thoughtful, temperate, and sound; "The Traditional Policy of Russia" is a sensible and well-informed article, which presents a side of the Russian question but little considered by Americans; "Calico-Printing in France" is instructive; "Kentucky's Ghost," by Miss E. Stuart Phelps, is exceedingly well told, and, thinking of it, we partly repent of having said so much about "Mahala's Drive." "What Five Years will Do" consists of letters all written by one person; "Bacon," by Mr. Whipple, is concluded. The poetry of this *Atlantic* is best in "My Darlings;" but what the writer of that pretty piece was thinking of when she joined the last four stanzas to the others we do not know. Not of her poem, apparently. It would not be right to let the *Atlantic* go without speaking highly of the "Literary Notices," which are sure to contain some of the most graceful, sedulously finished writings of the month, and which it is only rarely that we do not read with more pleasure than we get from anything else in the magazine. The writers of them, or rather the chief writer of them, is, however, sometimes ingeniously good-natured. But whosoever is wroth with him for having done "John Ward's Governess" may turn to the shy fun and the good sense and good feeling of the notice of Mr. Parton's last book, and forgive him freely.

Harper's has for its best thing of the lighter order another of Major De Forest's very entertaining sketches of the sad life of "the Bureau Major" in the Carolinas. There should be a book made of these papers and of "Parole d'Honneur"—a story of which, as we see by this index number of the magazine, Mr. De Forest is the author. We have on several occasions performed our duty of praising this vivid picture of Southern court-house-town life, and we ought, we suppose, to have known who was its author. In fact, we will make the further supposition that we did know. But the picture was so very vivid that we forgot to think of the painter. A heavy article which we read with a great deal of interest, and from which we obtained more information about the Chinese than we before possessed, is by Doctor William Speer, and is entitled "Democracy of the Chinese." How far the Celestials have carried "the town-meeting theory of government" will surprise most eulogists of the Puritans, and give them a new respect for a people who already should have seemed very highly respectable. There is really need that some San Francisco editor should bestir himself and show us the other side of the question, or our present Pacific coast system of perpetual assault and battery, and assault with intent to kill, on the handiest Chinaman will soon almost begin to appear hardly perfectly justifiable. As for the other articles in *Harper's* for November, they are well selected and as sure to be read as were the articles of the two hundred and twenty-two numbers of the other thirty-six volumes. One of the illustrated papers is on "Fish-Culture in America," another is on the "Explorations in Lower California," another, by Mr. M. D. Conway, is on the great concert singers of England (but perhaps it might have been as well if the illustrations had been left out of this one). Besides these

articles there are many tales of the warmest love and a good enough account of "Mehemet Ali."

The author of "The Church of the Future"—namely, the Methodist—in the *Galaxy* of two or three months ago gives an easy triumph to an exultant writer in this month's *Catholic World*. Another of Erckmann-Chatrian's novels, "The Invasion," is begun in the number before us, and there is an article of no great acumen, though not at all ill-done either on Mr. Parsons's translation of Dante. He that believes in eloquent men will do well not to read the Reverend Father Hyacinthe's printed discourse on the text, "Misericordias Domini in æternum cantabo."

The next number of *Putnam's* is to contain a long poem by Mr. Howells. The present one has the inevitable Chinese article, a poem by Doctor Parsons, and sixteen other articles.

The Rev. Mr. George Bacon does the Chinaman for *Hours at Home*, and makes as light and easy an article as he usually makes. H. H. is agreeable company in her discourse about "The Speaking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water." Sometimes, we regret to say, she seems to be giving somebody a small pinch or nip, but on the whole she is pleasant and poetical. It may be wrong, but if it is it serves the author of "Storm Cliff" right, that as soon as we saw that she was the person who is writing the new story of New York life we decided not to have anything to do with it—at present, at all events. Whoever watches over the German translations that have been a good feature of *Hours at Home* manages the matter with care and discretion. This month a good story is told of Bulwer. It was well thought of, too, to insert Mr. Charles Welford's letter to the *Bookbuyer*. *Hours at Home* begins with this number a new volume, and adds a new department, which is to be called "Leisure Moments," and is to consist of brief essays after the fashion of the *Galaxy's* "Driftwood," the *Overland's* "Etc.," *Harper's* "Easy Chair," *Putnam's* "Table-Talk," and so on.

What Makes Me Grow? or, Walks and Talks with Amy Dudley. By the author of "Harry Lawton's Adventures," "Good Dogs," etc. With two illustrations by Lorenz Frölich. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1868.)—This is a "juvenile" which we recommend all people in search of suitable books for children to avoid. It is intended to adapt certain facts of physiology and natural history to the comprehension of little people of six years old and thereabouts. We doubt, however, the utility of informing even readers so uncritical and immature that they "have got several kinds of juice inside of them, and one which is of a bright red color," which does not "run about loose in their bodies, but goes inside of little blue pipes called veins"—or that their lungs are "two long things inside the chest," each of which "is joined to the throat by a sort of long narrow pipe"—that the diaphragm is a "see-saw thing" which "bows up against the lungs, squeezes them together, and so pushes the air back again out of the mouth." Nor do we consider speculations on the probable attitude and modes of locomotion of the snake "before the fall," or hints that we were intended by God to hate that reptile because the devil once entered into one, altogether desirable topics for children's books. When it becomes advisable to give them any physiological information, it has happily been provided for them in a trustworthy and altogether delightful manner by Jean Macé. Such a book as this, with its unfortunate and badly illustrated statements and its painfully unpleasant style, is a positive damage to children who may be unfortunate enough to read it.

Gold Elsie. From the German of E. Marlitt, author of "The Old Man's Secret." By Mrs. A. L. Wister. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.)—We have taken so much pleasure in reading this book that we really cannot find it in our heart to comment ungratefully on the fact that in all the essential details of plot and characterization it is an almost exact reproduction of its predecessor, "The Old Man's Secret." The author is still fighting vigorously against her ancient enemies, hypocrisy in religion and inordinate pride of birth and social position. We find our interest in the story—which is, however, quite well enough managed—entirely subordinate to the amused admiration with which we regard its author. She is the heartiest of democrats, and much the best advocate of the woman's cause, as it appears in fiction, that we have seen. The typical German woman, fair and rotund, who "mends the papa's hose" and plays for him the part of a dutiful and overworked upper servant, and is fitly rewarded therefor by accompanying him to the family club and the festive beer-garden, has no recognized existence in Miss Marlitt's ideal world. Her heroines settle themselves firmly on the rock of their own individuality, and being unusually well provided with the weapons of personal beauty, innocence, and genuine love for truth, "moral elevation and spiritual

growth," do most sturdy battle with cant and with the aristocratic prejudices of their lovers. They come out victorious, of course, and the heroes, who combine in a curious fashion the peculiarities of Rochester and St. John Rivers, get in the end most loving and obedient wives. Really, both *Elsie* in this story, and *Felicitas* in the former one, are altogether delightful characters—and none the worse for being idealizations rather than portraits, since the idealization is of a good kind, and will give young girls who may read the books an impulse in the right direction. We commend them to all novel-readers, to many of whom the faults that interfere somewhat with our enjoyment of them—the over-fondness of their author for dramatic situations, for instance; her love for ruined castles, buried treasures, and artistically unfortunate secrets, which finally provide the radical heroine

with as aristocratic a lineage as that of her oppressors—will very likely not seem objectionable.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Price.
Alphabet in Rhyme.....	(Am. News Co.)
Diaz (Anna M.). <i>King Brondé: a Child's Story</i>	(Ticknor & Fields) \$1 50
Everett (W.). <i>Hesione: a Poem</i>	(Little, Brown & Co.)
Fetridge (W. P.). <i>Harper's Hand-book for Travellers in Europe and the East</i>	(Harper & Bros.)
Historical Account of Bouquet's Expedition against the Ohio Indians, 1764.....	(Robt. Clarke & Co.) 3 00
Picture Poetry for Young America.....	(Am. News Co.)
Smith (Sol.). <i>Theatrical Management in the West and South</i>	(Harper & Bros.)
Stephen (Mrs. A. S.). <i>Mabel's Mistake: a Tale</i>	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
The Workshop, No. 9, and.....	(E. Steiger)
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